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A delightful Broad Bar Buckle Shoe, in black calf suede. A shoe that combines a smart Louis heel with Dri-ped waterproof, double-wear sole.

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A comfortable One-bar Button Walking Shoe. Welted. Made on the hand-sewn principle. Lightly punched toe-cap Low leather heel and Dri-ped waterproof, double-wear soles.

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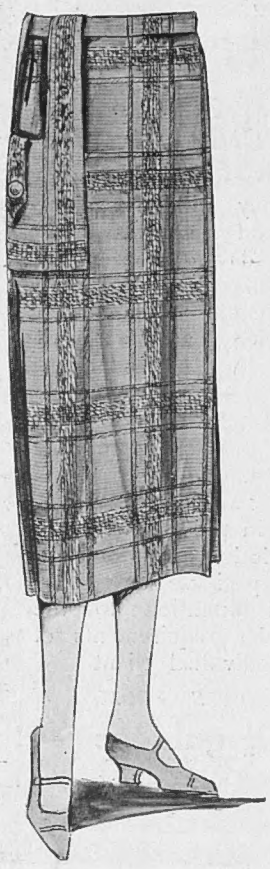

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Delightful Skating Suit of soft Brushed Wool, comprising coat, breeches, cap and scarf. In two or three colour combination on grounds of Saxe, Almond, Cherry, Jade, Cinnamon, Rust, Scarlet, Tan, Fawn, Heliotrope, etc.

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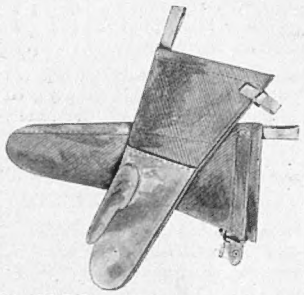
Impervious to Wind, Snow, Rain or Cold.



No. 20 BG.—Waterproof Ski-ing Mitts with leather Palms, lined Fleece. Price, per pair **11/6**

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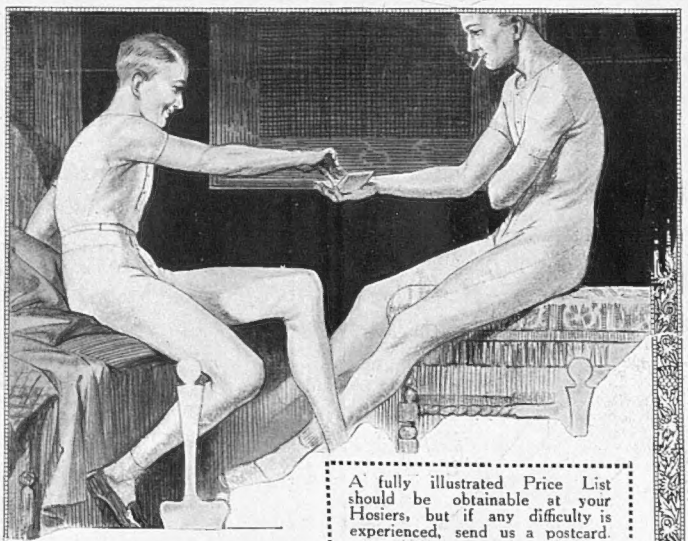

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THE opportunity to enjoy the protection and comfort of the famous Chilprufe Pure Wool Underwear, once the prerogative of Children and Ladies *only*, is now extended to Men.

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HIGH GRADE FASHIONABLE SHOES

Every Pair Guaranteed

All one price **20/-** per pair

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Tan calf wide one-bar buckle shoe, with ⅜ crepe rubber sole and heel. Straight toe-cap, punched as sketch.

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Patent one-bar sandal shoe, patent one-bar black suede back sandal shoe, Louis XV heel, slashed sides, smart toe.

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1,200 pairs of Court walking shoes, for afternoon wear, in patent, black, suede, and beaver and brown glace kid, as sketch, Louis XV heel and smart toe.

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Pure Silk Hose, with lisle feet and tops, exceptionally good wearing, Kayser make. In Nude, Flesh, Champagne, Naturelle, Platinum, Grey, Pearl, Silver, Brown, Gold, White or Black, Mauresque, Sunburn, Sunset.
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Body and sleeves lined rainproof silk.

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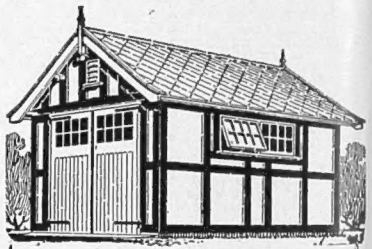

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105·107·109· OXFORD ST·W·

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2/6 the Flask.

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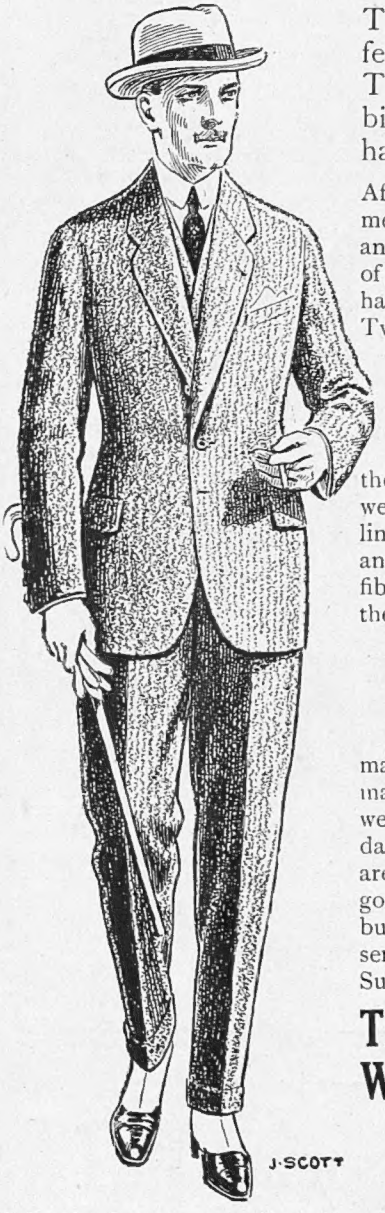
Purposely Woven *for* HARD WEAR



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TENACITY TWEEDS

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DO you, who are so ready to blame the manufacturer when your bootlace breaks at an inconvenient time, ever stop to think what there is in a lace of good quality, and the impossibility of making such a lace to sell at a penny or twopence per pair?

In each Paton's "33" Lace, which is the finest lace produced, are several hundred yards of the highest grade thread, and the raw cotton alone required to make it costs as much as a cheap lace sells at.

Added to this you have:—

The Making. **It is a Plaited, not woven lace, because of the extra strength plaiting gives.**

The Tags, **which, affixed by a patent process, are guaranteed not to come off; and**

The Dyeing, **which is obviously of the best—otherwise this lace would not retain as it does its initial smartness to the end.**

That such a lace should yield reasonable profits to ourselves and the shopkeeper who retails it, and sell at 4d. per pair is sufficient to show what goes into cheap laces, why they break and give little satisfaction.

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PATON'S "33" LACE

is made in Ladies' Boot, Gent's Boot, Tubular Shoe, Flat Shoe Shapes, in two shades, black and tan, and sold everywhere at

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In case you have difficulty in obtaining, write direct to the Mills, enclosing **4d.**, **8d.** or **1/-** for one, two or three pairs as desired. State colour required and whether for boots or shoes.

PATON'S "33" LACES

See the band —on every pair

WILLIAM PATON LIMITED,
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500 CHILDREN'S
KNITTED
JERSEY
SUITS
FOR AUTUMN WEAR

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For 14 in. Rising 2/6 each size. Usual Price from 30/-

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60 YEARS AGO
The Firm of Mackay
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LIQUEUR WHISKY

Its success has led to the existence of many inferior Brands offered under similar title.

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combines in rare age and choice Bouquet the perfection of Highland Whisky. A Healthful Tonic—it satisfies and leaves no craving. Used in the leading clubs throughout the world.

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A happy combination of the Bounty of Nature and the Blender's Art.

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For Sports Wear

Becoming Hat of soft Chamoix Felt, bound & trimmed Petersham ribbon. Colours:— Havana, Tan, Beaver, Gazelle, & Black. These are supplied in small sizes. 30/-

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Winter Sports Wear

'MURREN'
Ski-ing Suit in pure Botany Wool Gabardine. Coat arranged with box-pleats at back; lined throughout Waterproof Silk. The Plus Fours complete the serviceability of this design. 12½ Gns

Also double texture Covert. In Fawns, Greys and Browns.

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"Luvisca" SHIRTS
PYJAMAS and SOFT COLLARS

THERE is a charm and individuality in the weaving and skilful blend of colours which have earned for "LUVISCA" SHIRTS, PYJAMAS, and SOFT COLLARS a world-wide reputation for serviceableness under all climatic conditions.

LOOK FOR THE "LUVISCA" TAB ON EVERY GARMENT. NONE GENUINE WITHOUT.

IF any difficulty in obtaining "LUVISCA" Shirts, Pyjamas and Soft Collars, write to COURTAULDS, LTD. (Dept. 8M), 19, Aldermanbury, London, E.C.2, who will send you name of your nearest retailer and descriptive booklet.

A NEW NOTE IN LINGERIE
CHEMISE CAMI-KNICKERS

This novel garment was designed a few months ago by a well-known Paris Chemisière and has been taken up largely by the smartest set in Paris, more especially for sports wear. It owes its inception to the present craze for slimness, as it eliminates several garments. It will undoubtedly be much in evidence amongst sporting women in the South of France during the coming winter season.

THE NEW CHEMISE CAMI-KNICKER for sports wear, in thoroughly reliable pure silk washing satin, with short sleeves and rever collar, trimmed with hemstitched design and side pockets. In Cinnamon, Beige, Grey, Black, Ivory, Mauve, Coral, Yellow, Jade, Scarlet, Pink, and Blue.

PRICE **59/6**

Without sleeves, **55/9**
With long sleeves, **59/6**

In pure silk washing sports crepe. In Cinnamon, Beige, Ochre, Jade, Ivory, Flame, and Turquoise.

PRICE **59/6**

Without sleeves, **55/9**
With long sleeves, **59/6**

Sent on approval.

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(Cavendish Square) London.W.

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"Leather Craft" of Malvern.

The Age of the Specialist

At Last!

The Ideal Winter Sports Outfit

"Exquisite," "Wonderful," "Gorgeous," "Beautiful," "Really It," etc., etc., are the delighted expressions of those few Winter Sports enthusiasts and experts who have had the privilege of examining this really beautiful and practical outfit which comprises a three-quarter Coat, Breeches, Kilted Skirt, Puttees and Helmet all made from the finest light-weight "Suede Gazelle" in the most beautiful colours imaginable. Wind, Snow, Rain and Coldproof.

Costume, lined Waterproof Silk, from ... 12 Gns.
Helmet 21/6 Puttees 17/9

Note well that this Costume is:

Lighter than a Woollen Suit yet it is Suede Leather.
It is as soft as Silk and drapes like Velvet.
The Colours are exquisite and beyond comparison.
Suede Gazelle is practically indestructible and can be cleaned and re-dyed.

Call at your earliest and inspect the Model Suits at 10, Brompton Arcade, Knightsbridge, S.W. 1, and place your order ***promptly****, for we anticipate closing our order books before the end of November, as it will only be possible to accept a limited number of orders for this season.*

"Leather Craft" of Malvern are the Originators of Fine Leathers for My Lady's Dress, and will be glad to send on request Free Sample Cuttings, Catalogue, Measurement Forms, etc. Our London Showrooms are at

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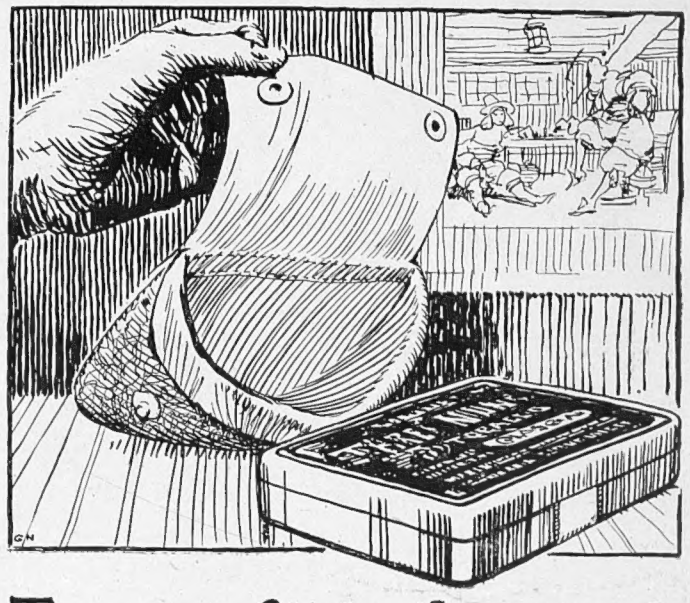

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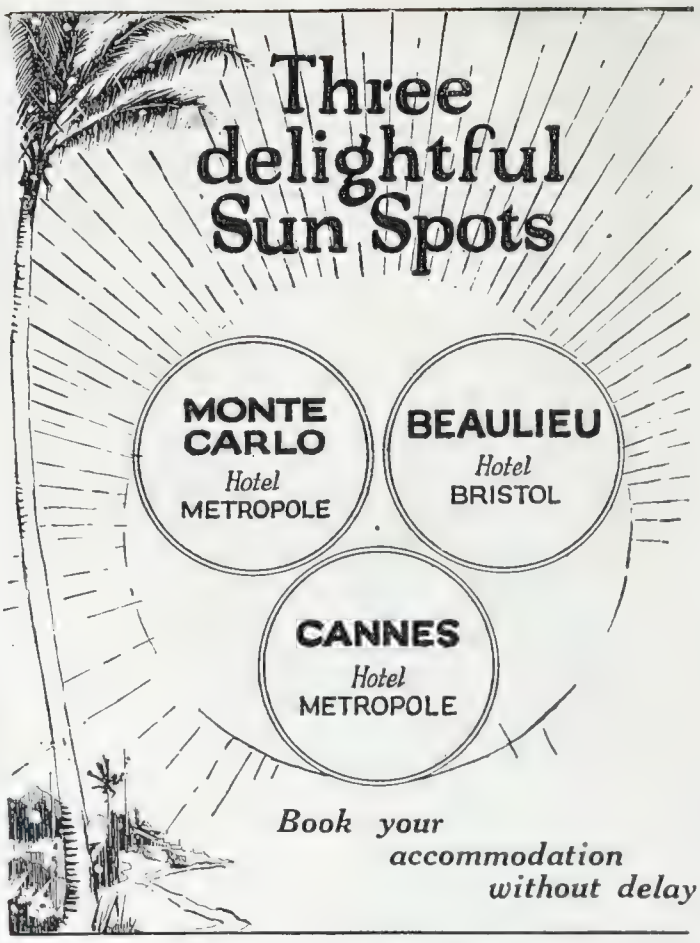

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The Bystander, November 5, 1924

No. 1092. Vol. LXXXIV

The BYSTANDER

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

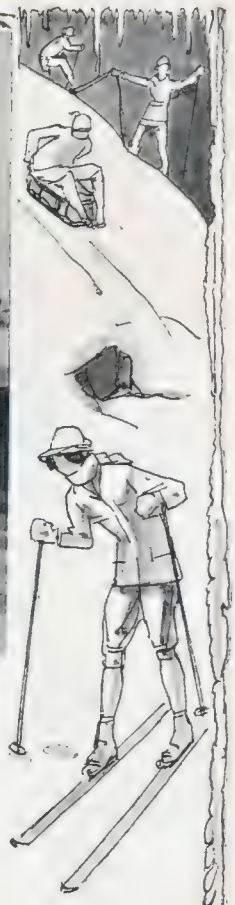
"HULLO SWITZERLAND!"

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

SOME SUNDAY MORNING AT ST. MORITZ

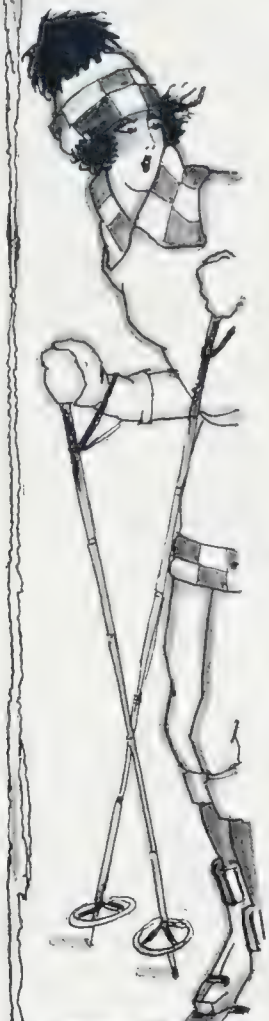
We are accustomed to "Church Parade" at Stanhope Gate—drab masculine plumage, the more gorgeous female stiff with Sunday preening, the constant *va-et-vient*, the hooting of motor horns, the crunch of car-wheels on the tarred way. Here at St. Moritz is Sunday with a difference—bright high-lights, blue shadows, gay costumes and ringing laughter, and, pleasantest sounds of all, the tinkle of sleigh bells and the whispered slither of runners over crisp snow

ICE HOCKEY AT GSTAAD *A. S. A.*



WINTER SPORTS

BY THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON. *Illustrations by J. TOUCHET*

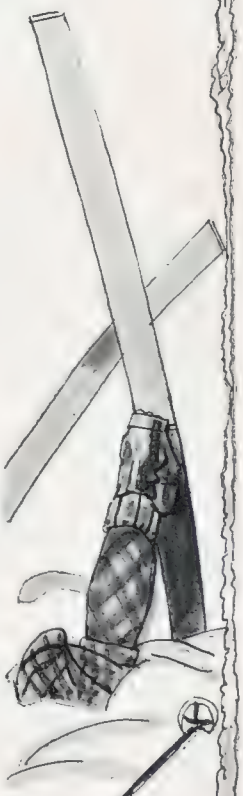


Most things that are good in life are the result of accidents. When a doctor discovers the remedy for some incurable disease, when a painter discovers the way to produce a luscious bit of surface, or when an architect happens upon a perfect proportion—these discoveries are usually the result of an accident. Indeed, a definition of genius is the power of pouncing upon the happy accident. Winter sports were discovered in this way.

In June, 1892, Sir Henry Lunn organised the Grundelwald Conference, which had for its object the union of all Christian Churches. From the point of view of Christian union the Conference failed, but *à quelque chose malheur est bon*, and the great discovery was made that winter in the high Alps is a paradise of sunshine and beauty. After all, it is the sun and the champagne-like air and beautiful scenery that make winter sports so attractive. If you were to ski down Ludgate Hill in a pea-soup fog or skate round the sooty ice of the Serpentine, ski-ing and skating would never be considered as noble sports. Sir Henry Lunn's enterprising eye pounced upon the attractions of Alpine winter, and he forthwith set out to communicate his fortunate discovery to his fellow-countrymen. He had little difficulty. Englishmen were soon convinced that the winter in Switzerland was infinitely more attractive than the summer.

The only way to live happily in England in the winter is to hunt four or five days a week. For those who live out of doors there is enough light, but for the world's workers who sit in offices day after day, straining their eyes with artificial light, the amount of daylight is insufficient to nourish their nervous systems, and they become a prey to every description of nervous disease. To such people a season of winter sports in Switzerland is a necessity rather than a pleasure.

The three main sports are tobogganning, ski-ing and skating. Tobogganning is a very ancient Red Indian sport — the modern



bob-sleigh is an application of the bogie system of the old-fashioned toboggan. Personally, I would never dream of going in for such a sport, as the percentage of risk of sudden death is infinitely too great. If you happen to have a wife and family depending for their daily bread on your brains, it is madness to form part of a bob crew.

SKI-ING is, to my mind, one of the greatest sports in the world. It is dangerous, but not too dangerous; it is a magnificent physical exercise, requiring both balance and strength; it is difficult, but not impossible, and though even the first steps are pleasant, there is no limit to the skill that can be obtained by persistent hard work. Furthermore, in pursuit of this glorious sport you don't kill animals or mar the beauty of the landscape.

AS regards clothes for ski-ing, a lot of trouble will be saved by remembering that flannel and wool are the best materials. Always carry a change with you, and don't try and keep the snow out with waterproof material. The only *special* implements are the boots, the skis and the ski-sticks; in choosing those take the advice of a ski-runner of long experience. One other word of advice. Let your skill precede your courage—*i.e.*, learn to run under control before you take slopes too straight.

THE HON. NEVILLE LYTTON
Who is an accomplished skater, snapped on the ice at Murren

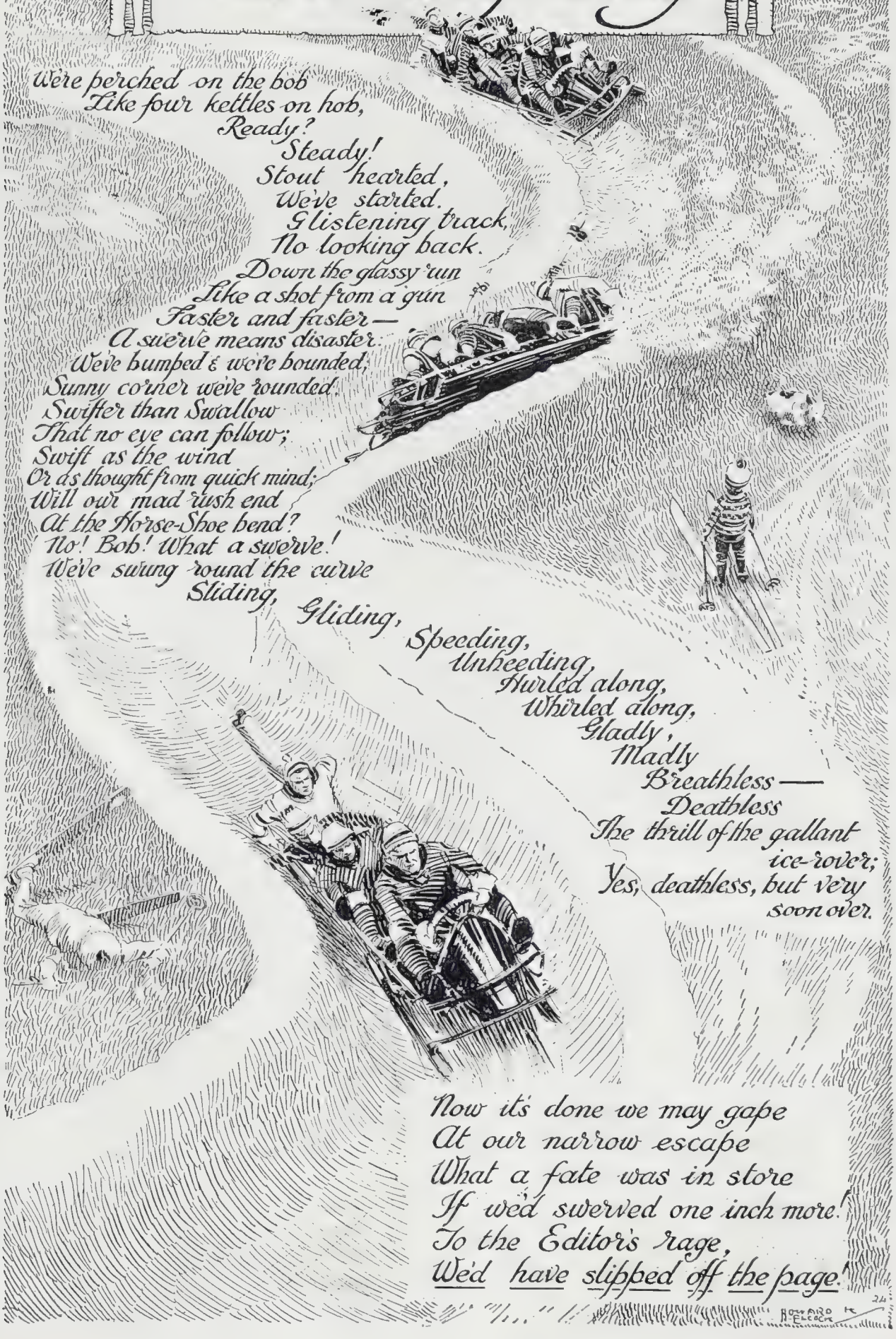
SKATING is not a sport; it is an art—in fact, it is dancing on the ice, and it is the most beautiful form of dancing that exists. To skate perfectly you must begin young and prepare your limbs by a course of gymnastics as strenuous and severe as that which is undertaken by ballet-dancers. Half the training can be done in the gymnasium off the ice. After the preparatory gymnastic exercises come the school figures, which are, as it were, the scales and five-finger exercises which are to lead up eventually to free skating; this is like free dancing, only more so. An infinite variety of clothes could be designed for skating, but up to now our finest skaters, male and female, have been most unenterprising.

CURLING dates back to the Stone Age—it is a form of bowls on ice. It is a difficult and skilful game, suitable for those resting from more strenuous sports, or for those who are entering upon the evening of life. It is, perhaps, a trifle more ridiculous than any game has a right to be.

WITH so many vigorous exercises performed under blue skies and bright sunlight, at a moment when the rest of the world is bathed in gloom, it is small wonder that this winter holiday should become the brightest spot of the year—a thing to be looked forward to from season to season.

NEVILLE LYTTON

Bob-Sleigh Song



We're perched on the bob
Like four kettles on hob,
Ready?
Steady!
Stout hearted,
We've started.
Glistening track,
No looking back.
Down the glassy run
Like a shot from a gun
Faster and faster—
A swerve means disaster.
We've bumped & we're bounded,
Sunny corner we've rounded.
Swifter than Swallow
That no eye can follow;
Swift as the wind
Or as thought from quick mind;
Will our mad rush end
At the Horse-Shoe bend?
No! Bob! What a swerve!
We've swung round the curve
Sliding,
Gliding,
Speeding,
Unheeding,
Hurled along,
Whirled along,
Gladly,
Madly
Breathless—
Deathless
The thrill of the gallant ice-rover;
Yes, deathless, but very soon over.

Now it's done we may gape
At our narrow escape
What a fate was in store
If we'd swerved one inch more!
To the Editor's rage,
We'd have slipped off the page!

HOWARD K. ELCOCK

Verses by A. A. THOMSON *Sketched by HOWARD K. ELCOCK*

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

Here It Is

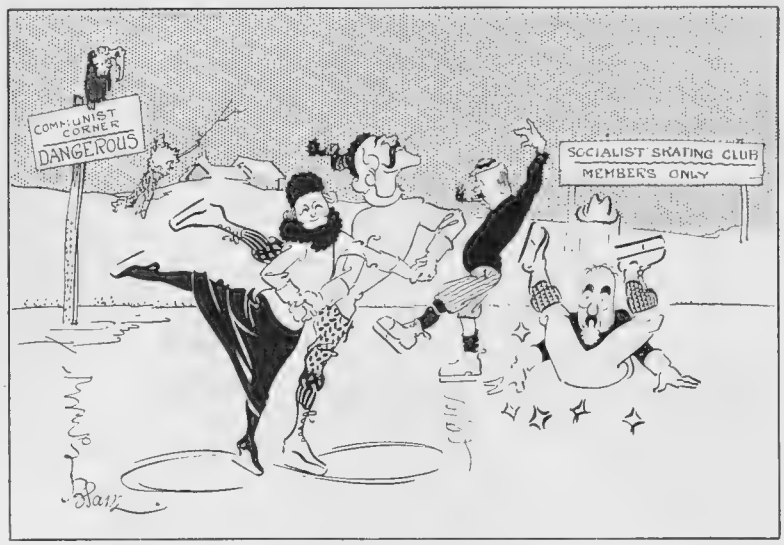
WELL, THE BYSTANDER has done it. He has taken his acrobatically flying visit to Winter Sports-land, leaping (almost literally) from crag to crag, like the chamois. In peril by sea, on bleak mountain side, even in the nerve-racking horrors of riding across Paris in a taxi, he has clung to pen, pencil and sketch-box, drawing an Alp here, writing a yodelling-song there, and so, here and now, ladies and gentlemen, he lays his record at your feet.

Swiss Song

Oh, the City of St. Moritz
It is celebrated for its
Fun and frolic 'mid the sunshine and the snow;
There never yet has been a
Sweeter spot than Pontresina,
Unless, of course, it's Grindelwald or Caux.
With respect we doff our hats
To the charms of Davos Platz,
And to Mürren we extend a friendly hand—
But in case these places bore us,
There are Alpine sports before us . . .
In the annual excavations in the Strand!

What Went Ye Out for to See?

AND what impressed you most, MR. BYSTANDER? Was it the Alpine glow or the speed of the heroes of the Cresta, or the ice-hockey at Mürren, or the blood-thirsty shouts of the curlers on the rink at Grindelwald, or the ski-jöring races at St. Moritz, or the Alice-in-Wonderland railway at Lauterbrunnen? All these things were wonderful, but your Bystander (simple, honest fellow) found the simpler things most to his liking. He saw a sun. (You know, that bright orange-shaped thing that they don't have in London.) He saw a sky of delicious melting blue. And he breathed air. Think of it. Air. Not fog. Not factory smoke. Not 'flu germs in aspic. But air! Oh, joy!



WINTER "SPORTS": The People who Skated on Thin Ice BY BLAM

The Drivers of Death

I HAVE referred in a sinister aside (and, incidentally, a previous paragraph) to the Bystander's providential escape from an extraordinarily sticky end at the hands and wheels of a Parisian taxi-driver. Why are these honest fellows what they are? Why do they drive as they do? Why do they sweep, symbolical shapes of implacable, relentless fury, on a mad career of death and destruction to the pedestrian? Is it a revolutionary plot? Are the taxi-drivers of Paris in the pay of Moscow? Surely not. Indeed, authority is with them.

Reckless and Wicked Pedestrians

SO firmly are the taxi fiends entrenched behind the powers of the laws that severe penalties are inflicted upon reckless and wicked pedestrians who have had the brazen insolence to be knocked down by one of these chariots of devastation. The civil authorities are adamant in their determination to "larn" people to indulge in the wanton luxuries of street accidents. My idea is that, in view of the unpopularity of capital punishment—and it *is* unpopular, especially among the criminal classes—we should give our condemned assassin a sporting chance of darting across (say) the Avenue de l'Opera, in the face of twenty mad taxi-drivers. If he got away, well. If not (as Abraham Lincoln said), not.

Payment by Results

I SEE that some patriotic firm in Sydney has offered an alluring selection of cash prizes for doughty deeds in the forthcoming Test Matches. One pound is offered for a catch, five shillings for a boundary and some enormous sum for a century, if completed within a certain time. This is private enterprise with a vengeance. Doubtless the firm in question is banking its generosity on the absence from either team, of hitters of the Jessop type. A man like "The Croucher" would probably bankrupt the scheme.

A New Terror

THE idea might find favour among supporters of the big League Soccer teams. A full-back might be offered five shillings each time he tripped the opposing centre-forward, and a guinea if the victim's injuries were really serious. For any outstanding trophy of the battlefield—the referee's ear, for instance—a sum of twenty guineas might stand as a worthy prize. I put these suggestions forward as a move in the direction of the Brighter Football, which was promised us in the days when Chelsea—two months ago—were reputed to be going to score a goal. Did they or didn't they? I forget now. It is such a long time ago.

What Is Your Income?

THE publication of Income Tax Returns by the American Government seems hard, callous, and cruel. But then it's a *nard* cruel world, isn't it? With regard to income, the object of every honest man is to convince his neighbours that it is a little more than it really is, and the Surveyor of Taxes that it is a little less. Alas, what has happened in America?

Little Problems

HOSTS of intriguing little problems suggest themselves. A (shall we say?) is a film-star of dazzling toothitude. B is a ninety-horse-power boosting press-agent. C is a minion of the Tax Office. A tells B that her weekly salary is ten thousand dollars. A tells C that her weekly salary is fourteen dollars. Which of these two statements is correct, and if not, what is the lady's real salary, if any?

The Lion's Share—At Last!

BY E. T. REED

JOHN BULL: "Keeper MacDonald, it seems to me that the bear here has been somewhat pampered of late at the expense of the lion. I need not tell you, Keeper Baldwin, to see that Leo gets *his* fair share at feeding time!"

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

Lafayette

AMONG THE ELECT

A group including Mr. J. H. Bowman of Halifax and his bride, Miss Margaret Whitley, after their wedding in the Crypt Chapel of the House of Commons. The bride is the elder daughter of the Speaker, who is seen standing first from the right in the back row

Cabinet Making

THE next few days will see professional and amateur politicians busy with suggestions for the new Cabinet. But Mr. Baldwin's task, despite—or perhaps because of—the numbers at his command, is not an enviable one. When a Prime Minister is called upon to form a new Government he is faced with endless considerations in the choice of his colleagues. Fitness for a particular office, of course, comes first, but beside that the first reward for long party service has to be taken into account, and young men have frequently to be passed over in favour of men who have given years of support to a political party. This fact, which faces all Prime Ministers, annoyed Mr. Winston Churchill considerably when he set out on his political career in the days of his hot youth. Unlike virtue, politics are not their own reward; office when your party comes into power is considered their natural crown.

Alfieri

FACING THE LENS BARRAGE

Mr. Cecil Foster of Queensbury, Yorkshire, and his bride, formerly Miss Joan Easey, braving the camera fire after their wedding at St. Mark's, North Audley Street, last week

A Happy Idea

I HOPE the rumour that Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles are going to make themselves a home in Ireland is true. A Royal residence in that unhappy country might have changed its history. Over and over again Queen Victoria was urged to allow one of her sons to have an Irish home, but she set face resolutely against it.

The rumour that Princess Mary may break the long Royal neglect of Ireland comes from Galway, where it is said that Lord Lascelles contemplates rebuilding the old Clanricarde Castle at Portumna, which was burnt down about a hundred years ago. Portumna is on the shores of Lough Derg and in the midst of beautiful scenery. The castle will take some time to build. When it is completed it is thought that Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles will spend a couple of months there every year.

A-Hunting We Will Go

THE election was over just in time for the opening of the hunting season last Saturday. What the season will be like it is difficult to judge. Everything depends on the foot-and-mouth disease, which last year did such damage, and is again very threatening.

The Minister of Agriculture has not withdrawn the order which prohibited hunting within a fifteen-mile radius of a case of cattle disease. But, since Masters of Hounds have been allowed to kill cubs this year up to three miles of infected farms, hunting folk are all hoping that the same concession may be made with regard to foxes.

The fifteen-mile radius is generally considered to be excessive, and there is a consensus of opinion amongst Masters—what a blessed and weighty word "consensus" is!—that a small radius round each infected place, kept in the strictest possible way, would be more effective in stamping out the disease than the fifteen-mile limit. It would certainly make all the difference to hunting.

There are some changes in Masterships. Mrs. Keith Simmons has given up the Tedworth, which she took over as Miss Amy Fairhurst. Sir Leonard Powell and Mr. Henry Connop follow her as Joint-Masters. Then Major Wernher, whose wife,

HOW TO BE HAPPY THOUGH . . . . *[Central News*

Mr. T. T. Barnard and his bride, Miss Gillian Byng, leaving St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. Mrs. Barnard, who is the only daughter of the Hon. Anthony Byng, is the niece of the Earl of Strafford

Lady Zia Wernher, is a daughter of the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, has joined Lord Stalbridge in the Mastership of the Fernie.

Major Algernon Burnaby and Mr. W. E. Paget continue their Joint-Mastership of the Quorn. Judging from what one hears the supply of foxes, especially in Leicestershire, is fairly good. But the goodness or the badness of the season depends wholly on the foot-and-mouth disease—and the Minister of Agriculture, whoever he may be.

Age and History

THE death of the venerable Mrs. Fordyce-Buchan recalls a curious story in the history of the Caithness family. When the fifteenth Earl of Caithness died unmarried in 1889 there was no direct heir to the title, which in consequence became dormant. In the following year, however, James Augustus Sinclair, a descendant of the Sinclairs of Mey, proved his claim to the peerage and became the sixteenth Earl. But it was a barren honour, since all the Caithness property had been left away from the title by his predecessor.

This sixteenth Earl and his son, who succeeded him, both used Sinclair as their family name. The present peer, who succeeded his brother as eighteenth Earl, took the name and arms of his grandmother's family, the Buchans of Auchmacoy, when the last member of that old family, Miss Louisa Buchan, left him Auchmacoy. But for this legacy Lord Caithness would have been a landless peer.

Mrs. Fordyce-Buchan was related by marriage to the Buchans. She was a marvellous old lady, the daughter of Field-Marshal Sir Hew Dalrymple Ross, who was born in 1779, and fought in the Peninsular War under the great Duke of Wellington. The lives of father and daughter covered close upon a century and a half.

There are still a good many people in Paris who remember the fourteenth Earl of Caithness. He married *en secondes noces* a Spanish lady who had been created Duchess de Pomar by Pope Leo XIII, and nobody knew why. This Papal duchess believed herself to be the reincarnation of Mary, Queen of Scots, and had a whole suite of rooms in her house in Paris modelled on the Scots' Queen's rooms at Holyrood. They were lighted only by guttering torches. The floors were strewn with rushes, and there were no chairs except the one occupied by the lady herself, a sort of throne on which she used to sit dressed in sixteenth century costume, to receive her guests.

Anybody more unlike Mary, Queen of Scots, than this Spaniard who was a Papal duchess and a Scottish countess couldn't be imagined. It used to be said that Lord Caithness's refusal to masquerade as Darnley—a wise determination, seeing he was portly of figure and highly rubicund in face—led to their separation.

Lafayette

THE BRIDE OF THE WEEK

Lady Hermione Herbert, the only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Powis. She is to marry Count Roberto Lucchesi Palli at St. James's, Spanish Place, to-morrow (Thursday)

Lafayette

COUNT ROBERTO LUCCHESI PALLI

Who is to marry Lady Hermione Herbert, daughter of the fourth Earl of Powis, to-morrow (November 6th). The Count, who comes of an ancient Italian family, will ultimately succeed to the title of Prince of Campofranco

Pandemonium

YOUR Bystander has no wish to see the American baseball players again, that is, unless he has his ears well stuffed with cotton wool. The row made by the two teams is diabolical. They shouted and bawled all through the game, and altogether; in fact, the only moment a man stopped yelling was when he was waiting to hit the ball.

The coach of the New York Giants, Hugh Jennings, outrivalled the howling dervishes one goes to see near Cairo. He leapt into the air, rolled about on the ground plucking at the grass, in frenzies of delight over good hits and frenzies of despair over bad ones. It was a strange sight to English eyes, but he was certainly very funny, and the Duchess of York, who was there with the Duke, like everybody else, was immensely amused by him.

But to staid English eyes it seemed

odd to see such clowning at a game of skill, and American baseball is a game requiring the greatest skill and alertness.

Stornoway House

LORD BEAVERBROOK is now to be added to the distinguished dwellers in St. James's. He has bought Stornoway House, overlooking St. James's Park, or, rather, he has bought the fifteen years which still remain unexpired of the Crown lease. It is a big house with fine reception-rooms and a ballroom. Lord Beaverbrook will have as his neighbours Lord Ellesmere at Bridgewater House and Lord Spencer at Spencer House, which was let for so long to the late Princess Christopher of Greece, and which sheltered so many of the Greek Royal family after the *débacle* in Athens.

Alfieri

MISS STEER AND MISS WEBSTER

Present and Correct at the Opening Meet of the Guildford and Shere Beagles at Shere

Alfieri

MR. G. L. BARTRUM (Secretary) AND LADY PETRIE

Lord Tavistock

ONE of the sensations of the election was the public confession by the Marquis of Tavistock of his conversion to Labour principles. In proof of this conversion he took the chair at a Labour meeting. This will be a great shock for the House of Russell. One wonders what Lord Tavistock's attitude will be when in the due course of time he becomes Duke of Bedford. Although his father has sold a considerable part of his London property, he is still one of the big ground landlords, and he also holds a good deal of agricultural property. Will Lord Tavistock hand all this over to the nation when it falls to him, or will he, like Mr. Stephen Hobhouse, renounce his inheritance?

Alfieri

MRS. MARSHEAD

Sport and General

A PAWS IN THE PROCEEDINGS

A merry group at the Furness Beagles' Meet at Gascow, Lancs, including Mr. J. H. Park (Deputy Master), Miss Machwell, Miss Coulthard, and an important member who is seen begging the question

Winter Sports

MISS FAITH DAWNAY writes to say that she has just returned from a tour of the various winter sports centres in Switzerland on behalf of the Public Schools Alpine Sports Club. The Club has completed all its arrangements, so if any of you wish to know what those arrangements are, or want any information about places to go to, hotels, etc., write to the Hon. Faith Dawnay, Public Schools and Alpine Sports Club, 2, Albany Courtyard, Piccadilly, W.1.

Armistice Night and the Ivory Cross

LONDONERS who feel that Armistice Night must not be allowed to pass without "celebration" of a festive character will have a plethora of gaieties from which to choose. I single out for mention the ball at the Hyde Park Hotel on behalf of the Ivory Cross to celebrate its Tenth Anniversary, because one will be helping a splendid cause as well as merry-making. Tickets (price one guinea) can be obtained from the Hon. Secretary, Miss Fletcher, 10, Henrietta Street, from either of the Assistant Hon. Secretaries, Miss K. Curtis, 96, Haverstock Hill, and Miss Williams, or from any member of the committee. An excellent band has been engaged, and there will be Bridge for the older folk.

A Certain Liveliness in Hunting Circles

Sport and General

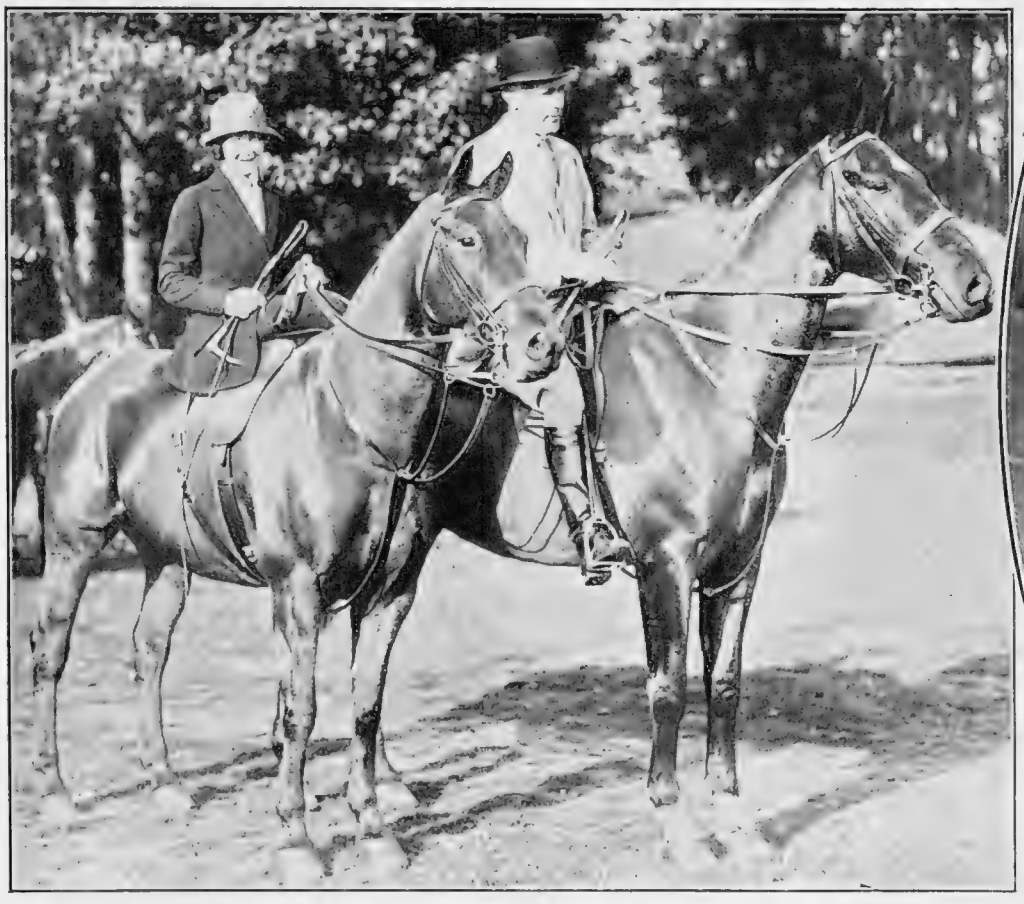
WITH THE BRIGHTON BEAGLES

Miss B. Covell and Mr. H. C. Warter at an open meet of the Brighton Beagles at West Blatchington

I.N.A.

A PRELIMINARY IN THE SHIRES

Miss Marjorie and Miss Rosie Beal, regular followers of the Fernie, at a Countessthorpe meet



Sport and General

READY FOR THE SECOND COVERT

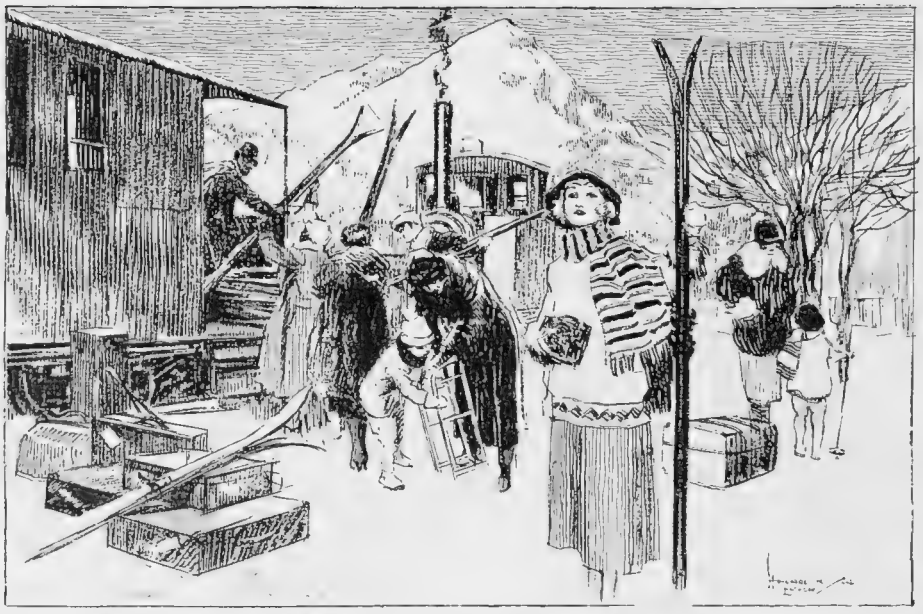
Mrs. Douglas Cory Wright and Sir Arthur Cory Wright, High Sheriff for Herts, at a cubbing meet of the Hertfordshire, at Hatfield Park. If they are not badly hit by "foot and mouth," like the Pytchley, the Hereford should have a good season

Sport and General

GOOD-BYE TO CUBBING

Mr. W. Walker, the well-known Master of the Hertfordshire, and Miss Walker, photographed after the cubbing meet at Hatfield Park

PROSPECTS of the WINTER SPORTS SEASON



"SKI SIDING" [By Howard K. Elcock
A typical scene at Interlaken, the jumping-off ground, as it were, for all the Swiss centres

"Yes," said a famous wag of the early 'seventies, "Switzerland is not a bad country . . . for chamois and Esquimaux."

To-day, of course, such a remark would evoke a superior smile. But it undoubtedly reflected the prejudice of those early days to "furrin parts" in general, and winter in the Alps in particular.

Now, few amongst us do not cherish the ambition to escape this inhospitable climate of ours and spend a few rapturous weeks in the sunshine on the "roof of Europe." There the "Igloos" of our 'seventies friend take the form of palatial hotels, and no chamois certainly ever reached such ecstatic heights as the neophyte who first sets foot on an Alpine slope in winter.

Every year the number of people who winter in the Alps is increasing, and the coming season promises such a rush as Switzerland has never yet seen. For their entertainment much outdoor, as well as indoor, organisation is necessary, and organising "fixtures" with such an elusive element as snow to be reckoned with is a very difficult undertaking. Lack of snow, or, for the matter of that, too much of this commodity, at the beginning of the season often throws the whole winter's programme out of joint.

Therefore actual dates, in this short review of the season's prospects, are liable to considerable modification.

As usual, St. Moritz, the metropolis of sport, has a very heavy programme. The "Grand National" on the Cresta, that mile-long icicle down which tobogganers fly at express speed, is booked for the end of February, while the "Bobbers" have their "Derby" about the same time—Oxford and Cambridge winter sports teams and the British Army ice hockey team will play at St. Moritz during the Christmas vacation.

Pontresina has a coloured paper-chase on January 6, while the Kronenhof Cup for Bobs will be run on February 1. Zuoz, the ski-ers' paradise, has now a fine hockey team, and numerous matches are booked between December 27 and 30. A novelty will be a cricket match on ice. There will be a great Ski meeting at Davos on December 26, followed by the World's Skating Championships. Klosters also has a big programme of skating and ski-ing events, with expeditions in the Parsenn district. "Pot-hunters" will find much profitable attraction at Engelberg during the season, as there are numerous valuable competitions for curling and skating.

Arosa generally holds its "International Sports Week" about the end of January, when curlers will

(Continued on page 392)

CUTTING A GOOD FIGURE
A pair of exhibition skaters (and two pairs of skates) demonstrating some artistic figures at Caux

A CURLING "GREEN"
A game of Curling—the bowls of Winter Sports—in progress at Montana

IN THE PYRENEES
A general view of the International Ski-ing Meeting at Superbagnères

Some Snow Men and Women

A few enthusiastic votaries of Winter Sports as D Egville sees them

THE GRAND HOTEL AT MONTREUX-TERRITET

also compete for the Arosa Challenge Cup. On January 28 there is a big "Bob" meeting at Bergün.

MURREN, in the Bernese Oberland, needs no introduction. It is the Mecca of our 'Varsity sportsmen, who provide some exciting hockey about Christmas time. The famous "Roberts of Kandahar" Ski Cup will be run for on January 2, while the Lytton Cup for figure-skating is fixed for February 4. "The Golden Skate" will be competed for at Wengen between January 7 and 13, and later in the season curlers will have their annual Bonspiel. Grindelwald has a list of events sufficient to fill a page, not the least attractive being "moonshine parties," of which they make a speciality. The Nortbeck Ski Cup will be run for on January 1 and following days.

Last winter Gstaad startled the sporting world by introducing a "Nevada" run, a sort of cross between a toboggan run and looping the loop. It also enjoys the distinction of staging the only horse hurdling on ice in Switzerland. Earl Beatty's Ski Cup will be run for between January 13 and 19. Château d'Oex holds the secret for good ice, which, perhaps, explains the fondness of curlers for this spot. In January there will be hockey championships and figure-skating.

LES AVANTS will hold its Bob Meeting at the end of December. Caux's programme includes luge-races on December 27, with bob championships the following day. On February 15 there will be an international hockey meeting for the Caux Cup. The great advantage of Caux is its proximity to Montreux-Territet, where the Kursaal and the Grand Hotel offer much in the way of indoor "distractions."

Villars, in the Rhone valley, has one of the largest and sunniest ice rinks in Switzerland, and even in the mildest weather, the Bretaye railway assures good ski-ing. As a social centre it is excelled by few Swiss resorts. The virtues of Montana and St. Cergue are well known to ski-ers. Thanks in large measure to the efforts of the Swiss Tourist Office, there will be a greatly improved service of trains this winter between London and the chief Swiss resorts.

A HOLIDAY QUARTETTE

Conte Leonardi di Casalino, Captain L. P. Goldney, Mrs. M. Denes and Mr. Lee Born, in that popular sporting centre, Arosa

As regards the winter sports resorts in France, Chamonix, where the Olympic Games were held last February, is as great a favourite as ever it was, despite the claims of its younger rivals. For Mont Blanc, which popular belief puts to the credit of Switzerland, still remains a lofty part of *La belle* France, and still draws its votaries from all parts of the world, to gaze on its beauty and to enjoy its unrivalled bob-sleigh run. Mégève, which is also in the neighbourhood of Mont Blanc, is another excellent little sports place, where a comprehensive programme of events for the coming season has been drawn up. Mont Revard, the little spot near Aix-les-Bains, where excellent winter sports can be enjoyed, is expecting a bumper season. The hotel has been acquired by the P.L.M., as has also the mountain railway, so that to its natural beauties will be added all the comfort and conveniences of first-class management.

FOR those who are contemplating a holiday in the Pyrenees, such places as Font-Romeu, Luchon-Superbagnères and Cauterets offer many attractions. Font-Romeu, in the Eastern Pyrenees, caters more for the normally healthy sportsman than the invalid. It is situated at an altitude of 6,000 ft. and boasts some excellent toboggan and skijöring runs. Luchon-Superbagnères, in the Haute Garonne, is connected to the old Roman hydro at Luchon by a rack-railway. Thus there is, as it were, a thermal cure on the "ground-floor" and a mountain air cure on the "first floor," 4,000 feet higher! Superbagnères, in addition, offers excellent sport to the most energetic skaters and ski-ers. Cauterets is, of course, well known as a health resort, and its thermal baths, with their radio active properties, have proved of benefit to many rheumatic subjects—and objects. It is, too, the centre of many pleasant excursions in the mountain district, and some very comprehensive tours have been arranged for the coming season.

H. CHALLINOR JAMES

WINTER IN THE PYRENEES

A pretty snapshot taken near Font-Romeu, six thousand feet up in the Pyrenees

Amateurs and Professionals

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

A CONTRASTING STUDY OF PAGEANTRY AND STERN REALITY IN THE WORLD OF WINTER SPORT

BY HOWARD K. ELCOCK

THE NIGHT SIDE OF WINTER SPORTS

A fancy dress Ice Carnival at Grindelwald in the shadow of the majestic Wetterhorn

THE WINTER DJINN

Illustrated by BUD PERMANT

THE Bystander sat up, rubbing his eyes. At the bottom of his bed a Djinn was standing. He was a rather tall Djinn. Indeed, he was almost six thousand feet high, so that, whereas his feet were in Tallis Street, his head—snow-white, of course—stretched up somewhere into the Engadine. But the Bystander was not nervous in the least, for the Djinn's voice was friendly.

"I am the Winter Sports Djinn," he explained, "and you are coming with me."

"I am not going anywhere," retorted the Bystander, tucking the blankets securely round his chin. "Not on a foggy morning like this."

"Foggy morning!" laughed the jolly Djinn. "There may be a little fog round my ankles—ha, ha!—but there's glorious sunshine on my shoulders!"

"Sunshine?" echoed the Bystander, who had lived in London all his life. "What's that?"

"Come up on my shoulders and see!" roared the Djinn, shaking with laughter.

"I'd love to," sighed the Bystander, "but my bedstead is not—er—a flying bedstead."

"Never mind, my son. From time immemorial, for purposes of transport, we Djinns have used the magic carpet. I have here a selection of all the carpets necessary for lifting you — shall we say — shoulder-high? Here is the Southern Railway carpet which will carry you over the hop-fields of Kent and the blue streak of Channel to the French coast. There the *Nord-de France* carpet is waiting to whisk you along to Paris."

"Do I change carpets there?" asked the Bystander.

"You do, my son. I will just give you time to kiss the baby brows of René and Marcel, and—hey, presto!—the *Est de France* carpet will whirl you along, safe through the darkness, towards Basle."

"With all this—er—carpet-scorching," observed the Bystander, "I'll be pretty sleepy, shan't I?"

"Ha, ha, so you will!" laughed Djinn. "So you will! And why not? What do you think my *wagon-lit* carpet is for? You'll sleep there as soundly as in your own little bed till you reach Basle, where the Swiss Federal carpet will be waiting for you. Then you'll be getting nearer to my shoulder every moment, skimming along past blue lakes and toy villages . . . and then, my magic Mountain Railway carpets will carry you up and up, turning and winding, over rocky gorges, past frozen torrents, high amid the dazzling slopes, where the air is laden with the scent of the pines and the sunlight kisses the snowy forehead of the hills in a land of blue and white and gold."

"Just hand me my clothes off that chair," interrupted the Bystander. "I——"

"I have a few special stunt-carpets," the Djinn went on, "that will be great fun. There's the Mürren funicular, steep as Jacob's ladder, up which the train follows its nose like a beetle climbing a tower. And there's the jolly little cog-wheel carpet from Montreux up to Caux, with its fussy little engine that goes down on its knees to push the train. It's a Charlie Chaplin of an engine! What games, my son, what larks! And when (poor soul) you have to come home, there's my carpet *de luxe*, the dashing P.L.M. *rapide*, that will whizz you back to Paris, right from the mountain's foot. Come along!

Take your skis and your skates, for winter's begun,
And flying away you must go
To the land where the sun is a genuine sun,
And the snow is really snow.

Come on, my son!"

"Coming!" panted the Bystander. With his spiked boots in his hands, he dived for the first carpet, and started.

"My magic Mountain Railway will carry you up"

A BARD'S-EYE VIEW

BY A.A.T.

THE sunlight, like a flashing sword unsheathed, is stabbing the white hills with gleams and shadows. Hurry up, you fellows. My magic carpet is just starting. I am going to show you over the place in a day. (*Over* is good.) Yes, this is St. Moritz, highest resort in the Engadine; below, the sepia-tinted town with its big hotels and tilting spire, its race-track and frozen lake; above, platoons of dark pines clambering up the white slopes, like troops attacking a mountain in mass, and, dotted here and there, brown chalets, with green shutters like emerald eyes, ridiculously perched. For, of course, you never build houses in Switzerland; you take them out of a toy-box, ready-made, and throw them up at the cliff-face. And there they stick!

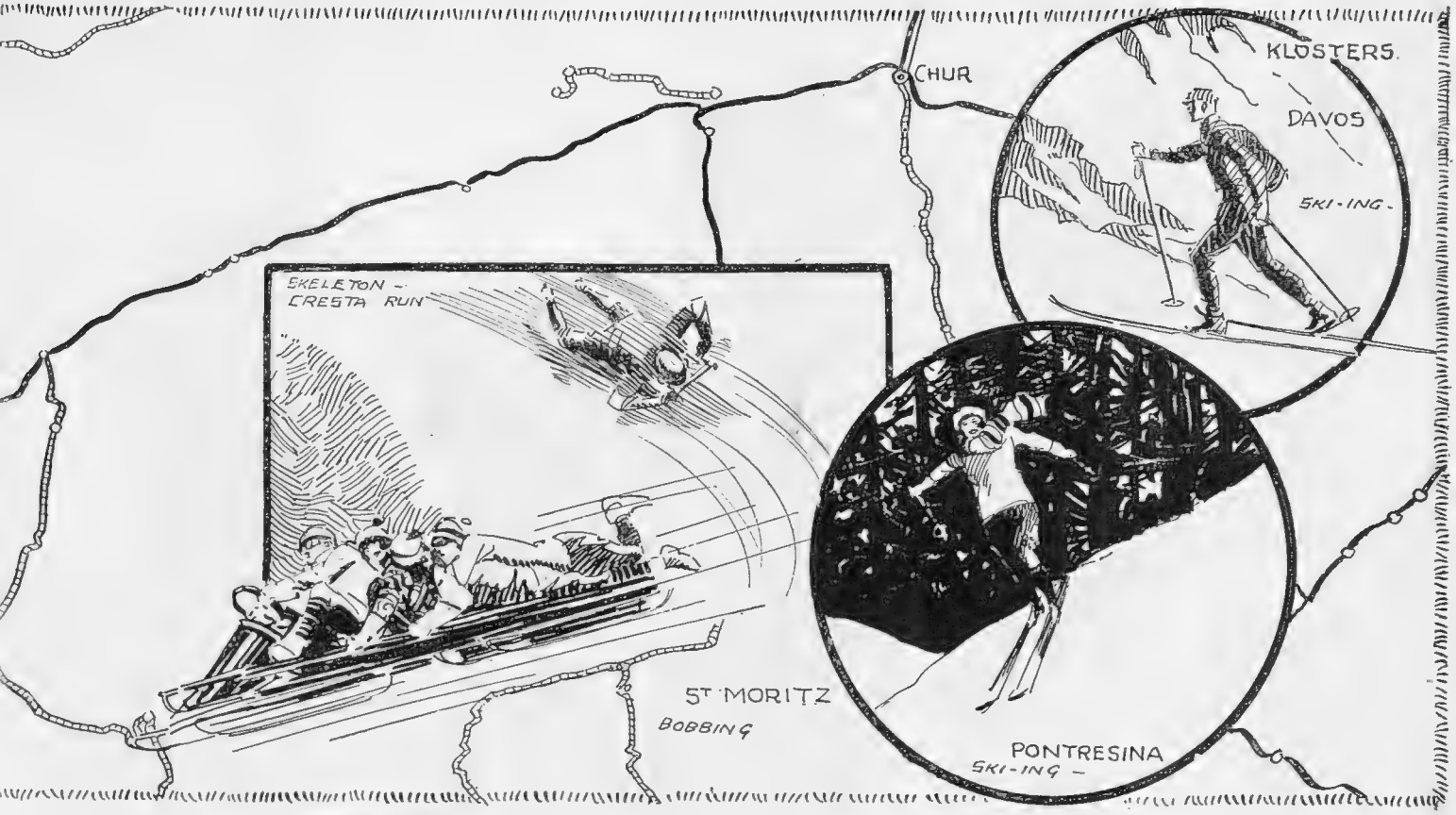
SEE the coloured costumes of the skaters on the rinks below. A little closer? Certainly. That armoured knight with the shock-helmet, padded elbows and sabre-toothed toe-caps, is making for the Cresta, Mecca of speed-fiends. But normally we are not speed-fiends here. On rink and run we take life gaily, not forgetting its social side, competing with the sun in joy and colour. Shall I lift the lid off that hotel? No trouble, I assure you. A high-pillared hall, little tables, silver trays and dainty *gateaux*; in the centre, the gay world dancing to jazz music in sporting costume, brilliantly bizarre, and framed in the arched window, a vignette of the white hill-flanks, stern and still.

BUT we must hurry; over sweet-scented pine-woods, past the frozen Stazersee, out of which the summer diving-board peeps a few pathetic inches, to Pontresina, tucked away upon the shoulder of the hills. Here we are very energetic. Everyone does something—ski-ing, skating or sleighing down the very sporting bob-run that cuts across the main road. On we go, flying north to Davos, with its matchless dry-cold air, its sleeping balconies and its monster rinks where the English and International styles of skating flourish side by side. Snow is falling heavily, banking against the pyramids of wooden palings that protect the railway line from "the awful avalanche." Far below us, the mountain train is ramming its way through the drifts

A. S. A.

ON THE CURLING RINK AT GRINDELWALD

"There is curling at all centres, but the Bad Lads of Grindelwald are High Priests of the Inner Shrine"



SKI-ING ON THE HOG'S BACK AT MÜRREN, 7,000ft. UP

like a T.B.D., past Klosters down to Landquart.

Down in the valley, we fly swiftly westward across country, past lake and town, for we are bound for the Hotel du Lac, Interlaken, a convenient jumping-off point for the Bernese Oberland. Then up we go to Zwelutschinen, where the valley divides. Up to the left is Grindelwald. Shall we? I think so. Grindelwald, nestling in the shadow of the Wetterhorn, ramparted by the Eiger and the Mönch, gay, sun-swept and laughing! All the sports are here—bobbing, luge-ing, ice-polo, ice-tennis, and English skating with its formal grace, as of a minuet.

But strident sounds fall on our ear. We are approaching the curling rink, a detached fragment of Caledonia, stern and wild. There is curling at all centres, but the Bad Lads of Grindelwald are high priests of the Inner Shrine. Here is the curler of our dreams, his Balmoral bonnet on his head, his foot upon his native crampit. He grasps his "stane"—a gigantic granite doughnut—by the handle. He intones a darkly mystic liturgy concerning besoms, outhandles, hogs, quackers and inwicks. Then suddenly he leaps into the air, whooping like a Cherokee. "Soop her up, mon, soop her!"

Reverently, we pass by. We have seen the roaring game. Besides, we must hurry on to Mürren. It is lucky that we are flying on a magic carpet. Otherwise we should have to descend

A. S. A.

LUGE-ING AT CELERINA

The finish of the famous Cresta Run, the Mecca of speed fiends at St. Moritz

WE SHALL BE

SOME OF THE WELL-KNOWN PEOPLE WHO WILL BE WINTER-SPORTING THIS SEASON

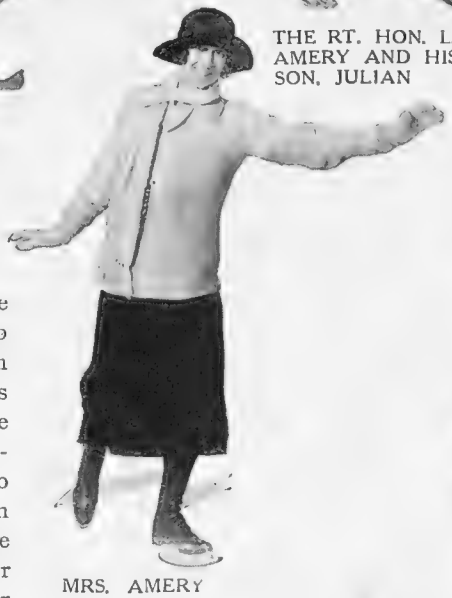
LADY SCHUSTER

DAME KATHARINE FURSE

LADY RAEBURN

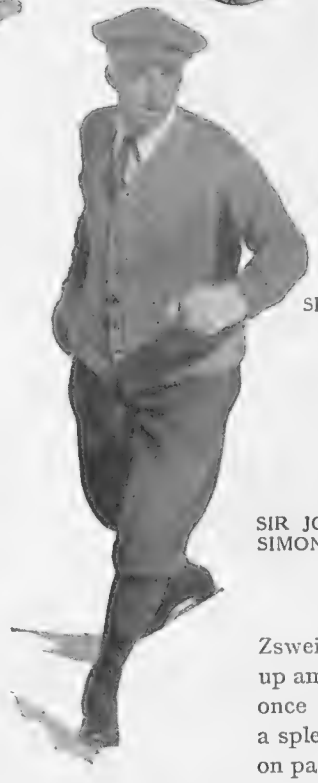
THE RT. HON. L. AMERY AND HIS SON, JULIAN

PATRICIA, LADY RAEBURN'S DAUGHTER



MRS. AMERY

SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER



SIR JOHN SIMON

THE HON. E. LYTTELTON

to the cloven valley, go up the gorge on the right to Lauterbrunnen and climb that engineering joke, the Mürren funicular, which is like the Irishman's giraffe—"impossible." Instead, we shall fly straight over the Little Scheidegg, past Wengen, over the valley to the sunny shelf on which Mürren perches. Am I hypnotised by the white wonder of the Jungfrau, or is the air clearer, the snow purer and the sun brighter here than elsewhere?

The sun they have at Mürren
Is not like other suns;
Its gold outshines in lustre
All humbler, lesser ones;
They take it in at twilight
And burnish up each ray;
Then hang it out next morning
For another Mürren day.

THAT will do, Mr. Wegg! The men of Mürren are a lean, keen-eyed, Spartan race. "Ski and the world skis with you," they say; "loaf and you loaf alone." Their talk is of "christies" and crevasses and Kandahar Cups. They jest at wounds, having weathered many a scar. Lighting a cigarette and gazing thoughtfully down the precipice—"Yes," they will say, "that's where D'Egville broke his other leg. . . . Here goes!" They will luge you and bob you and curl you and dance you till dawn with the genial ruthlessness of the "unforgiving minute." You will see ice-hockey, the world's fastest game, played at its fastest, and International skating, light as thistledown, swift as swallow-flight—the Russian ballet on ice, the intrinsic poetry of motion. You will endure hardness, like a good ski-er. You will undergo ski-ing tests, incredibly arduous. And—here is the secret of Mürren—the tasks you funked yesterday you will laugh at to-day.

BUT time is flying. Our carpet must fly, too—down to Interlaken again, along the lake-side to Spiez, south to Zsweizimmen and up, up among the mountains once more to Gstaad, a splendid ski-ing centre, on past Château d'Oex to Les Avants, a beauty-spot summer and winter. Across the intervening valley we fly to Caux, looking down on the eastern corner of Lake Geneva. Steeply rises the spur, winter above and (as it seems) spring below.

Our time is growing short. Daylight will soon go. High over the lake we fly, speeding south. We have crossed the French frontier, but the Alpine landscape does not change.

CHAMONIX, village of a thousand aspiring hopes! And, towering above it, Mont Blanc, serene in radiant majesty, surrounded by the halberd-peaks of the Aiguilles, a true king's

THERE

LORD AND LADY NORTHESK

MISS SPRING RICE

CAPT. ALFRED CARPENTER, V.C.

MISS CARPENTER

SIR BERNARD WRIGHT

LIEUT.-COL. R. HAWKES

MISS MACNAGHTEN (left), and LADY SPRING RICE

MISS SCHUSTER

LORD HARCOURT

guard. Daylight is going. A golden glory bathes the everlasting hills — the glory of a god. Shade by shade, the glory softens to an exquisite mauve. The air grows suddenly cold.

MAGIC carpet, away! We have finished with you. We dash indoors to light and warmth. Shall we venture out again to the ice-carnival, or sample the *boule* table of the Casino Palace? . . .

And so to bed, till sunlight tints the hill-tops with the rose of another dawn.

A Little Pride Before a Fall

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

Remarkable presence of mind of one ski-ist called forth by the carelessness of a companion

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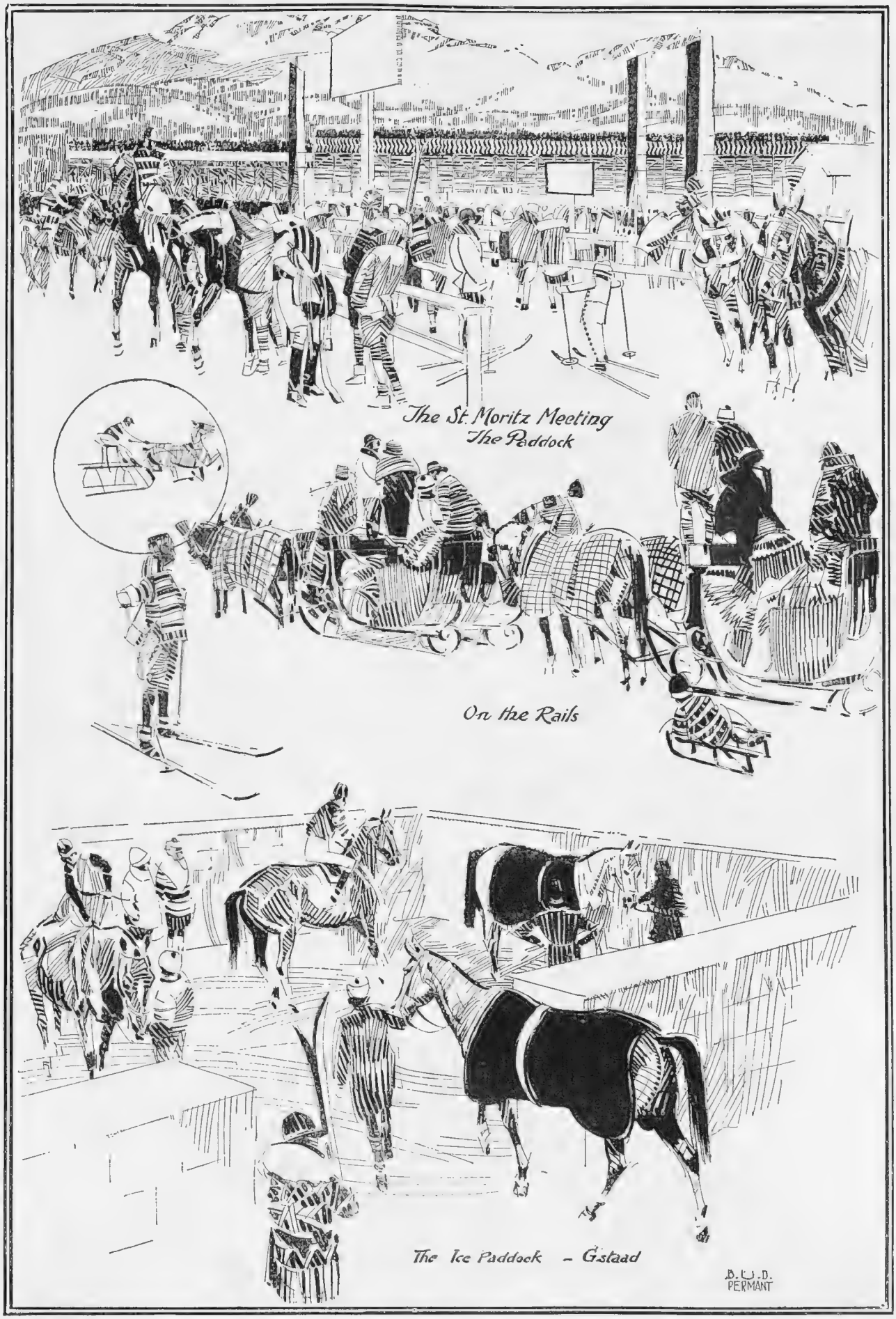
Sandowns of Snow-land



BY B. U. D. PERMANT

Picture a course on a frozen lake, glistening ice instead of green turf, paddocks built of solid ice blocks, parks of unfamiliar sleighs in place of the lines of limousines and two-seaters. . . . Picture this, and imagine the play of sunshine on prismatic snow, the iridescent ice, the gay colours of the joyous crowd, and the softer tints of distant snow mountains . . . and then you have some idea of a race meeting in Switzerland.

THE BLUE PETER AT THE PRINCES

Produced October 11th, 1924

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

THE Blue Peter is the flag of romance. It emphasises our command of the sea, and consequently fills our hearts with pride when we are safe on dry land, and have no immediate need of the services of a sympathetic steward. It is in this play the symbol of the call to the outposts of the Empire to which men go from this tight little island to seek wealth against fearful odds. In the first act we see them doing it. We are in a bungalow in Central Africa. David Hunter, one of the hardy pioneers, is for the moment down with malaria, but, as he says, thank heaven he is sweating freely, and is therefore out of danger. Edward Formby, another of the pioneers, reads us extracts from a London paper six weeks old, just to show how poor and mean is the life of civilisation compared to the glories of the strenuous existence back of beyond.

ONE of the glories appears to be delicately emphasised with the formal arrival of Serakin Donko, a native chief, who salutes the pioneers with the usual North African greeting, *Salaam, alikoum!* Mr. David Hunter, the malarial pioneer, appears to have saved the life of the Chief's dusky offspring. Serakin Donko is properly grateful, and he brings with him a gift of rare and refreshing fruit in the shape of a native maiden. The maid is neither black nor comely; but these details, of course, do not weigh with Mr. Hunter. He merely declines the gift because it would not be correct to accept it. Then there is excitement of another kind. Harold Plevin, a third pioneer, suddenly comes dashing into the bungalow to say that the local niggers have risen in their might and have already done in one of the white settlers. Hunter very properly reproaches Plevin for having left his chum to die, contrary to British ethics, and then they all reach for their guns. The niggers are primitive people who fight with bows and arrows, and yet in spite of some terrific broadsides from the bungalow they would have been too much for the heroic defenders if the border police had not arrived in time to beat the invaders off.

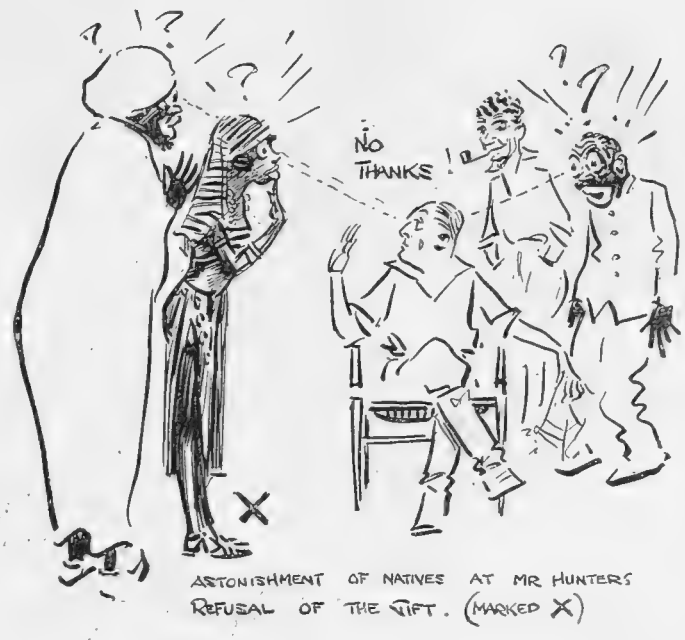
THE Chief of Police announces that it will be necessary to send a punitive expedition to the niggers. Hunter is due in three days to sail for home in order to be married to the sweetest girl in the world (and there are so many of her!); but you cannot fairly ask a man to miss the chance of a lively scrap just because his bride is awaiting him on the doorstep at home. So Hunter puts off his wedding and takes up his rifle instead. Then five years elapse. David Hunter has come home after the dust-up with the niggers, and duly married the girl, and has exchanged the open life of the African jungle, with its days under the sun and its nights under the stars, for a very ordinary sitting-room in a back street of Liverpool. Furthermore he has two children, and has thus, in the wise words of the prophet Bacon, given hostages to fortune. For the sake of wife and bairns he is now tied to the drudgery of a City office, but all the while he dreams of the alluring sun and stars of Central Africa.

THEN his old chum Edward Formby comes home on leave, bringing with him from the still grateful Chief a gold nugget as a sample of a nice bit of property that Hunter can apparently have for the asking. The call of the wild comes to Hunter once more, and he says he thinks he will go out and collect the balance of the gold mine. His wife then reminds him that he has made no provision for her and the children that would justify the contemplated adventure, and he allows himself to be talked out of it. He will just go down to the docks and see his old friend Formby off, and then he will come back home and be good. The idea apparently is that he is making a noble sacrifice in deciding to stick to his wife and family, instead of going out to the life that appeals to him most. But if I were addressing a mass meeting in Trafalgar Square I should point out that he is really doing no more than most of our young married men, who soon discover that they must henceforth abandon their ideals for stern realities, and submit to the drudgery of family life without making such a song about it.

THE next scene is that of a dockside inn known as "The Blue Peter," and we get down to the psychology of the play, if any. The inn is kept by

an old mariner named Callaghan, who has a daughter named Rosie, who is, alas! by no means so good as she is pretty. Her job in life is to induce young men to spend their money on her; and to this end she does not hesitate to offer in return her potent charms. At the moment she is busy ruining Mr. Plevin, the gentleman who ran away from his chum in Africa, and who thinks of going out again to make good. At the same time, a couple of words from Rosie, with whom he is very much in love, would persuade him to throw up his African job and try and make a living at home for her dear sake. Rosie, however, is very practical. As the young man has spent all his money on her she has no further use for him, and hints as much to him rather pointedly. And yet they call them the weaker sex!

THEN Hunter arrives at the inn, and laments the fact that Formby is going out to dear old Africa, while he must stay at home and do his duty by his family. Formby tells him that it is not too late even now to reverse his decision. Rosie says she knows where she can get a ticket for him, and he can have it if he will promise her a kiss on delivery, and she promptly runs off and secures young Plevin's ticket and gets cash for it. It will be a little more money for the lad to spend on her, anyway, and if fellows will ruin themselves for girls it is not for her to interfere with what is, apparently, a mysterious dispensation of Providence. Then she reminds Hunter that he has not yet kissed her; but by this time Hunter is beginning to sit up and take notice of the kind of company in which he finds himself. The promised kiss is, however, duly bestowed at agreeable length, after which Rosie volunteers full and precise information as to how her boudoir may be reached without attracting the attention of morbidly curious outsiders.



ASTONISHMENT OF NATIVES AT MR HUNTER'S REFUSAL OF THE GIFT. (MARKED X)

AS I understood it, Hunter deduces from Rosie's improper proposals that in this world you can have such a thing as too much liberty. He sees what Rosie has done with her freedom, and comes to the conclusion that the gentle discipline of family life will be better for him, body and soul. So he sends for young Plevin and gives him his ticket back, and urges him to go out to his job, giving weight to his words by the free use of profanity that positively sparkles with a ruddy glow. Having done his one good deed for the day, Hunter goes back home with the air of a martyr, and promises to settle down to family life for keeps.

IT is true that Hunter conquers himself at last, but you get the idea that his temptation will be a frequent phenomenon. Every time he gets news of his old friends, he will want to reach for his hat and umbrella, and to tell his wife not to wait dinner for him as he is going to Central Africa with the intention of remaining there and leading a tropical existence.

MR. GEORGE TULLY infuses into the part of Hunter a fine spirit of British manliness; while Miss Dorothy Minto makes the saucy, and far from impeccable, Rosie a sheer delight. Miss Minto brings a sort of wistful humour into parts of this kind that robs them of much of their sting, while at the same time taking away nothing of their charm. Mr. Charles Kenyon is brisk and business-like as Formby, both at home and abroad, while Miss Cathleen Nesbitt does all that is possible with the dismal part of Hunter's whimpering wife. Altogether, quite a satisfactory play

JINGLE

THE SKATING RINK AT MÜRREN [A. S. A.

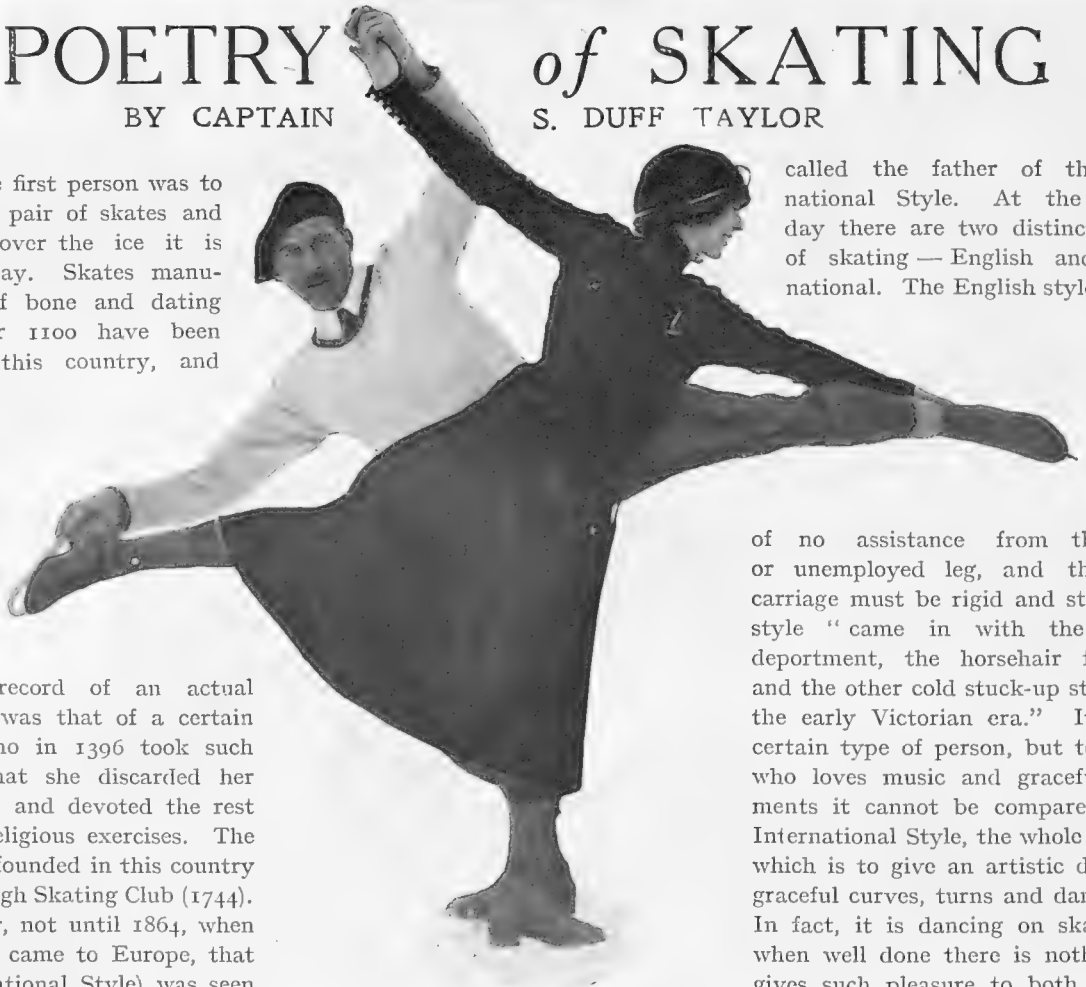
Six thousand feet up, ten feet of snow, twelve degrees of frost and blazing hot sunshine. Can you wonder at the glory, health and champagne-like spirits of the lucky ones who sojourn there?

The POETRY of SKATING

BY CAPTAIN S. DUFF TAYLOR

WHO the first person was to don a pair of skates and skim over the ice it is impossible to say. Skates manufactured out of bone and dating about the year 1100 have been discovered in this country, and there is no reason to believe that these were the first skates used, and that skating did not commence at a very much earlier period. I believe that the earliest record of an actual person skating was that of a certain Dutch lady, who in 1396 took such a bad toss that she discarded her skates for ever, and devoted the rest of her life to religious exercises. The first club to be founded in this country was the Edinburgh Skating Club (1744). It was, however, not until 1864, when Jackson Haines came to Europe, that skating (International Style) was seen to perfection. Haines was a dancing-master in America, and might well be called the father of the International Style. At the present day there are two distinct schools of skating — English and International. The English style permits of no assistance from the arms or unemployed leg, and the whole carriage must be rigid and stiff. This style "came in with the ramrod deportment, the horsehair furniture, and the other cold stuck-up stiffness of the early Victorian era." It suits a certain type of person, but to anyone who loves music and graceful movements it cannot be compared to the International Style, the whole object of which is to give an artistic display of graceful curves, turns and dance steps. In fact, it is dancing on skates, and when well done there is nothing that gives such pleasure to both audience and performer. In all competitions the competitors have to skate both school

(Continued on page 414)



Central Press

PAIR SKATING

Captain Duff Taylor and Miss Marguerite Nanton skating the "Double Spiral" at Mürren

"PRACTICAL MEANINGS OF EVERYDAY WORDS"—No. 1

GENTLEMEN

—people who go through life doing as they would be done by.

The perfect Gentleman is one who says, 'Two Worthingtons please'—meaning one of them for you.

BREWERS BY APPOINTMENT

Worthington

BURTON-ON-TRENT

figures (certain set figures which are skated to a centre) and give a free skating display (skate a programme to music, the contents of which are compiled by themselves). There are also separate contests for pair skating.

SCHOOL figures are not so interesting to skate as free skating, but are very necessary; in fact, they might be termed the scales or five-finger exercises of skating. The various edges must be skated accurately, and turns made correctly before the skater can produce a really good programme. Then again, when practising, it is a great mistake to do nothing but school figures, as this tends to cramp the style. The ideal method is to do so many school figures, paying the strictest attention to the carriage of the body, and especially the head. The head should always be held erect; nothing looks uglier than to see a skater who keeps his eyes fixed on the ice. When the band plays, give up the school figures, and practise combining the various turns and dance steps to music. Another thing that beginners very seldom realise is that the various skating positions can be practised without skates. This should always be done in front of a large mirror, so that any awkward or ugly position can be rectified. There are also various simple exercises to strengthen the skating muscles. For instance, when first starting to skate, the ankles usually wobble when the novice tries to get on an edge. Put your skates on in your bedroom and stand upright on the blades; then bend the ankles out until the sides of the boots touch the floor, slowly raise up until once more in the upright position. If this is done a few times daily it is wonderful how quickly the ankle muscles are strengthened. In conclusion, I shall turn from the skater to the ice he skates upon in Switzerland. Usually founded on tennis courts, the first snow of the winter season is tramped down by bands of men until a hard level surface is obtained. This surface is then sprayed until sufficient depth of ice is formed. The ice men continue their arduous work for the next three months, sweeping by day and spraying four and five times during the night.

Central Press

THE "SWALLOW SPIRAL"
Captain Duff Taylor and Miss Marguerite Nanton at Mürren

JUMPING ON SKATES *L. N. A.*
A flying jump over a member of the Oxford Ice Hockey Team at Mürren

"—Tell their own Story"

To have beauty, in these modern days of many beauty aids, is a duty of every self-respecting woman. Looked at from any view-point—beauty, neatness, hygiene or personal cleanliness—nothing betrays the lack of self-respect more quickly than unclean teeth. Unattractive figures can be disguised by attractive clothes. Complexion faults and minor blemishes can be concealed. Unclean teeth tell their own story with every smile, at every spoken word, to all who care to look. And few care to look twice.

Clean teeth keep themselves beautiful

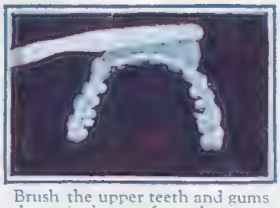
The question of beautiful teeth is not merely a matter of sentiment. It is fundamentally a matter of health. Unclean teeth are unhealthy teeth. Teeth covered by unsightly tartar are constantly being attacked by germs that cause decay.

Keep your teeth clean and they will keep themselves beautiful. Dentifrices help to keep your teeth clean; but the essential is to brush well—with the right kind of brush, one that really cleans.

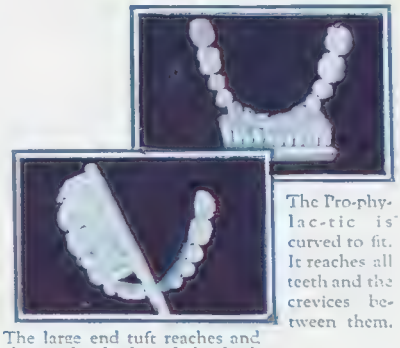
The Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush does keep teeth clean and beautiful. The wide-spaced serrated bristle-tufts reach all your teeth and the crevices between them, because the brush is curved to fit against all your teeth. The large end-tuft cleans the backs of teeth, even the backs of the back teeth. *It really cleans.* And remember, "A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

These features, essential to a good tooth brush, originated in the genuine Pro-phy-lac-tic. Ordinary brushes do not have them. See, therefore, that *your* tooth brush bears the facsimile name thus :

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush



Brush the upper teeth and gums downward, away from the gums. For the lower teeth and gums, brush upward.



The Pro-phy-lac-tic is curved to fit. It reaches all teeth and the crevices between them.

The large end tuft reaches and cleans the backs of the back teeth. At the same time the serrated bristles clean crevices between the teeth.

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Hard, soft or medium

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"A Clean Tooth Never Decays."

ALWAYS SOLD IN THE YELLOW BOX

DEWAR'S

THE SPIRIT OF CHIVALRY

Chivalry is long-lived, for in mankind has ever been the desire to face odds for the rightness of things. Praise of chivalrous action echoes throughout the ages and so does praise of . . .

DEWAR'S

WITH GEORGE TO MÉGÈVE

IN the grisly dawn I opened the window, admitting incontinently a sheet of blinding white.

"Whazzat?" demanded the sleepy artist-man from under a Mont Blanc of blankets.

"George," I explained.

"George?"

"Last night," I said, "in the course of mighty arguments, you affirmed yourself a cubist, maintaining that the artist could only see life in terms of cubes. I am a Georgist. I see life in terms of George. This is George Avalanche. In half an hour we start for Mégève. Get up."

"Not I," he growled.

"By George, you shall," I cried, and dragged him forth.

It was snowing as we hauled our Brobdignagian baggage on a Lilliputian luge to Chamonix station; snowing as we boarded the mountain train; snowing as we wound our downward way, by white crags and yawning Georges—I mean gorges—to St. Gervais; snowing as we bundled out of the train at Sallanches.

"Thank goodness, here's George Tank," I said.

George Tank was a great yellow motor-bus, with enormous snow-chains on its wheels. We saw our luggage piled on top like a new tower of Babel. Asthmatic rumblings from George's engine. A lurch. We had started our dash to Mégève, swiftly at first, and then, as the slope steepened, slowly, jerkily, but mounting ever upward through a world of whirling white. A shuddering jerk, and a syncopated clog-dance from the luggage above. We had stopped.

"George," I observed, peering out, "is getting down to it with a spade. George Chauffeur, I mean. We're going to *dig* our way to Mégève!"

George Chauffeur dug swiftly and systematically, carving a track for our wheels. We started again and so proceeded—upward, onward through the swirling drifts, whilst on the steep slopes that fell away below us, the pine trees bent beneath their snowy burden. Bump! We stopped again. Once more George was digging bravely. Our thoughts turned to Nansen and the retreat from Moscow and the half-witted hero of that absurd poem, Excelsior.

"I wonder," quavered the artist-man, "if those jolly St. Bernards will really find us."

"Easily," I replied. "That suit-case of yours on the roof will be visible for an hour yet."

"It's cold comfort," he grumbled, "to think of my evening shirts being saved, if I'm buried alive myself."

Heroic efforts by George. Starting again. We were quickening our pace, battling, ploughing through the snow. White roofs. A white church spire. Tall trees like sentinels muffled in white blankets. The village of Mégève. Yes, but we must go higher yet.

George Tank could not take us any further. Only George Sleigh could climb the narrow road to Mont d'Arbois. We pulled our white Old Bill caps over our ears. Great snowflakes, like butterflies, settled on our noses.

"*Hue!*" said George Sleighdriver to his steeds. Off again.

A million frost-diamonds sparkled out on fir and pine, and the winding valley of the Arly opened out beneath us, a miracle of beauty. And so, as the sleigh-bells jingled, I jingled, too:

From mountain top and valleyed cave
Resound the praises of Mégève;
I ne'er shall see, this side the grave,
A spot so lovely as Mégève;
Though deep and clinging snowdrifts pave
The path that wanders to Mégève,
I love the scented pines that wave
Their jewelled branches o'er Mégève.
None but the fair, none but the brave,
Deserve to winter at Mégève,
So base the slave,
And recreant knave
Who will not rave
About Mégève. . . . . How's that?

Swaying and jingling, we were rattling proudly up to the steps of the Hotel du Mont d'Arbois.

"And now for George," said the artist-man.

"George?" I asked, frankly puzzled.

"George Lunch," he snapped, and dashed up the snow-covered steps.

And what a lunch that was!

"Only George Sleigh could climb the narrow road to Mont d'Arbois" A. S. A.

THOSE GOOD OLD DAYS!

By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

"In our short Georgette frocks"

LONDON, *November* 3

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is November! The traditional dark and dreary month, when fogs abound and icicles start hanging around, and greasy Joan doth keel the pot, as Shakespeare put it, and all that sort of kind of thing. And no one's had any very good words to say for November up to now, s'far as I can remember (which is poetry again, only I didn't mean it), but not such a bad time, after all, not by any means, and, in fact, quite on the cont.

START planning things on a winter basis, we do, for one thing, and great are the pleasures thereof, *n'est ce pas?* 'Cluding winter sports for one, which just 'gin to loom on the horizon—and 'course you can't *ever* start too early on the job of c'lecting your woollies and whatnot for St. Moritz and Mürren and Grindelwald and Chamonix and the rest, not to mention all the 'citement of buying ski, etcet., and booking rooms for the glorious by-and-by.

AND then, whenever life seems at its very gloomiest and hopelessly foggiest, just fairly hugging yourself with the dream of those days to come. When "all evil cast aside" you'll be transported all in the twinkling of a P.L.M. into those magic regions where the air is always clean and clear and sparkling like Bollinger of the best, and the sky's as blue as blue, and the mere crunch-crunch of the crisp and spotless snow sends a thousand million electric shocks of joyousness all bracing you right through and through—even if you can't ski for nuts or skate for toffee, with a pound of McVities thrown in. . .

BUT not quite fair to talk like that, is it, so early in the proceedings, 'specially as some of us won't have a chance of doing the requisite flit even when the time comes (tho' must say am 'nclined to b'lieve that where there's a will there's a way, as they say). Almost enough joy, too, just to go on with, just to realise that at last we really are safely and comf'bly out of the election—till next time. Tho' they do talk now of having 'em only every three years, if that, which'd certainly be much less upsetting to seasons and things.

ALSO, methinks, we have the laugh on the U.S., who are suffering from *their* polling business to-morrow as ever is—and such a complicated affair, too, so's hardly anyone 'cept the best experts knows quite how it's done. And Guy Fawkes Day and Lord Mayor's Day and such like ancient and honourable celebrations drawing nigh—

So fill each cheerful glass,
And let good humour pass. . . .

as they say in that other well-matured affair, *The Duenna*, that they're giving at the Lyric, Hammersmith, where all the best revivals seem to come from. And a very cheerful and good-humoured little show, too, with Elsa Macfarlane and others prettily singing nice eighteenth cent. sentiments like—

Had I a heart for falsehood framed,
I ne'er could injure you.

And Mr. Frank Cochrane being screamingly funny as an Israelite suitor who says "women have the cunning of therpenth," and yet so charming he never once reminds you of the World's Shortest Poem. You know. . .-.

How odd To choose.
Of God The Jews.

"Woollies for St. Moritz"

BUT what lovely old days those Spanish ones were, seemingly. When gallants serenaded their mistresses on lutes and things till their irate fathers (Mr. Nigel Playfair in white nightcap with pom-pom on tassel) shot at 'em with blunderbusses. And then you ran away from home and met your lover, but if you just covered your face with a wimple or shawl or something he always mistook you for some other girl, and fearful complications happened.

CAN'T help thinking those were the days, you know. In the way of picturesqueness, I mean, and all that sort of thing. And such streets above the more or less immediate past—if we're to believe Mr. Galsworthy, that is, and I'm sure he couldn't tell a lie even if he wanted to. And in his new play, *Old English*, dated only 'bout twenty years ago—is it really poss. that our parents and even more junior belongings act'lly once wore those quite imposs. clothes? Those wide long balloony skirts, and waists and high shoulders and puffy sleeves. . . .

SIMPLY adore the old times, I do, if they're only old enough, but can't help feeling we've only just escaped by a few years from just about the world's worst period of dress. Which seems to have lasted, s'far as I can see, from somewhere about the "Eighties" till somewhere early in the

Continued on page 420)

Colour and comfort

Snow and ice. What a setting for colour ! What a call for comfort !

Wear Fox's Puttees at the winter sports. You can choose from joyous bright art shades, or, if you wish, from colours more restrained. All are guaranteed fadeless.

And you assure your legs of utmost comfort—warmth, support, protection.

Fox's Puttees have spiral fit and non-fray edges, for clean-cut style and lasting smartness. They are made from fine quality material, pure wool throughout.

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FOX'S F.I.P. PUTTEES

P 2.

War—when at least we started admitting once more that we had legs and things, and have been rather more or less honest about it ever since. And in those 1905's the poor girls used to sit for hours and hours drying their long, long hair before the drawing-room fire, too—didn't know much then, did they, poor things?

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And somehow when there were at least some picturesque compensations am sure one could have borne better that old parental idea—now happily dead—that seems to have more or less poisoned life as you might say for hundreds and hundreds of years. The idea, I mean, that your father and mother conferred a great favour on you by bringing you into the world and act'lly feeding and clothing you for quite a number of years when you couldn't possibly supply frocks or meals for yourself. And that if only they'd been thoroughly improvident enough about their own affairs and recklessly accumulated an indefinite amount of offspring—well, it was the duty of said offspring to give 'em "the devotion of a lifetime" (also any available cash) in return.

There's flashes of that quite too delightful theory (once, I assure you, dear cousin, quite seriously held) even in the fascinating Grand Old Man of Mr. Galsworthy's 1905 play, who (being Mr. Norman McKinnel) is a real wonderful granite figure of an old tyrant, dominating everyone, but very human in bits, and frightened at heart of his elderly unmarried daughter. And the Parental Theory comes out 'ticularly strong in Mr. Allan Monkhouse's new play, *The Hayling Family*, that the Play Actors have been giving. Which is all about a scoundrelly speculating man who keeps on borrowing his children's private money on the ground that he's "their father"—and they seem to fall for it every time, till at last he gets put in prison and they finish up with a murder or something.

"Guy Fawkes day"

"Hatchett's Parisian Foyer"

卐

Would be a shock, though, wouldn't it, to some of these old-timers, to see the way we go on these days—'thout ever asking our parent's leave. Would have horrified any stern Victorian father, f'rinstance, I'm sure (and thrown Mamma into hysterics) to see us cheerfully quaffing cocktails in the pre-lunch hour at the new Foyer Parisien they've just invented by the corner of Bond Street. Where they've arranged a nice little secluded spot that you can go to after shopping or anything, and just have a Martini and a sandwich if nec., and all perf'ctly *comme il faut*. Attached to the famous Hatchett's it is, too, so you've only to drop down a stair or two to have a real lunch if required. A Parisian idea and rather bright one, what?

卐

And, oh, *quelle choque* to aforesaid firm parents could they see us all in our short georgette evening frocks, with the diamonds that have now quite ousted pearls, dancing gaily at the Empress Rooms for a whole half-hour on end with the same partner to the new non-stop band. The Lido-Venice it's called (heaven knows why, tho' *have* heard there were just a few non-stoppers *there* this last season as ever was), and wanders quite pleasantly and irrespons'bly from waltz to foxtrot, and so on by way of a touch of tango to a bit of blues and a *soupçon* of one-step, and then round again and—lo and b'hold you're back at your table again, and almost inclined (spite of lovely dinner) to have a real bite at that little lonely sardine they've put there just so's to comply with our so frightfully funny rules 'bout having any sort of alc. any time in the evening after ten or eleven or so.

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Quite an influx of bands from across the Atlantic, by the way. The Philippino Native Band and the Leviathan Band (belonging to the big liner of that ilk) were secured last week "at 'normous expense" as the saying is, by the Riviera Club, and proved a big (and not at all noisy) attraction at the pretty club in Grosvenor Road. Just as well, though, isn't it, that they've altered their decorations? Can't quite see the Philippino nuts *quite* in the picture of a Roman villa and Pompeian courtyard, can you?

With love, yours ever,

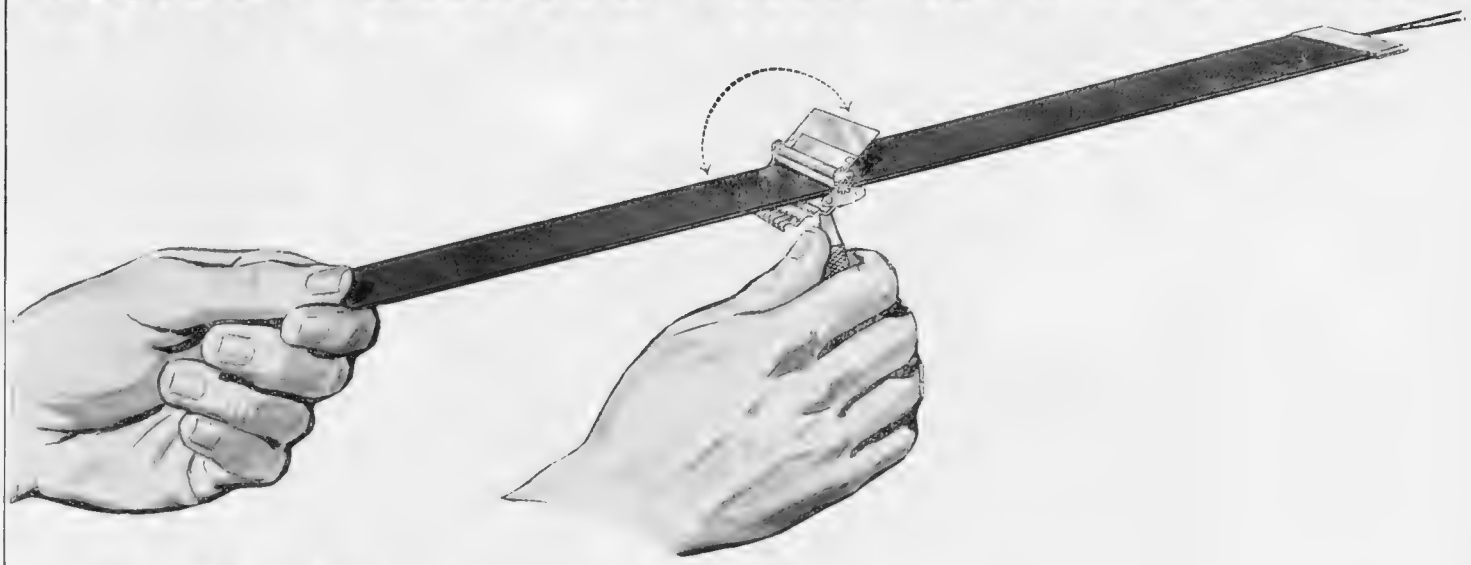
Blanchette

Don't Forget that solutions of our £100 TREASURE HUNT must be in by November 12th . . . . .

And if you have a Brain Wave, why not earn TEN GUINEAS FOR A TITLE!

See Coupon on page 376

Razor blades that live and die



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Do you know that if a blade is not stropped it has no hope of living to its allotted span, and that the life it does live is a misery to itself and an irritation to everyone it comes in contact with? Particularly, of course, your face.

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RACING NOTIONS . . . By "Carbine"

The Cambridgeshire

TAKING a broad view of the Cambridgeshire result, it must be pronounced distinctly satisfactory. It is always good to see these big handicaps fall to really high-class animals, and it is certain that the Duke of Westminster's colt comes within this category. Moreover, he had always been one of the best backed competitors for the race. And he would have remained favourite until the end had not the exceptionally heavy going caused such a final furore for Lighthouse. For the latter the conditions were supposed to be simply ideal, but he was a tremendous failure. My impression was that he simply refused to race. Verdict ran a great deal better than most people expected her to do, and once again proved herself one of the most gallant fillies in training. There were hearty cheers for the winner as he passed the judge's box, and it was undoubtedly an extremely popular victory.

At Hurst Park

WE are looking forward with interest to the two sweepstakes which are to be run at Hurst Park at the end of next week. I am sorry to learn that we may not find Saucy Sue in the two-year-old event. You may take it that this is one of the finest young fillies we have seen on the racecourse for many a day, and I am convinced that she would be equal to picking up this good prize at Hurst Park. In her absence Zionist may prove too good for Diomedes, Priory Park, and the rest. In the three-year-old race we have the agreeable prospect of the rivalry of Straitlace and St. Germans, but I shall be able to write next week more definitely regarding these highly attractive affairs.

Railway Facilities

OLD stagers need no warning, but those who are new to the journey will be well advised to take their railway tickets in advance for the Leicester and Liverpool Races. In connection with the former, the L.N.E.R. are running special non-stop restaurant car excursions on each of the two days. The train leaves Marylebone at 9.50 a.m. and arrives at Leicester 11.45 a.m. It is due back in town at 6.46 p.m.

Universal

AN AUTUMN MEETING IN WORCESTERSHIRE

Mr. W. J. Gresson (Master of the Croome) Captain Kirk and Miss Rodacanichi, at the Worcester Autumn Races, which took place despite the heavy rains and the threatened flooding of the Severn's upper reaches

Aintree

AINTREE'S autumnal gathering is always one of the best of the back-end of the season, its mixed programme of flat races, steeplechasing, and hurdle events, being wonderfully entertaining. On Wednesday, the opening day, **Grandpre** strikes me as being very well handicapped for the Knowsley Nursery. I remember that he got very slowly off the mark when confidently expected to win at York. The race has a good-class entry and is not going to be easy to win, but I regard Lord Derby's colt as possessing the best chance. In the Lancashire Handicap on the same afternoon, **Bellman** should make amends for his Cesarewitch failure. In his absence CIVIC GUARD may win. On the following day I fancy **Maxim Gun** for the Liverpool Nursery and **Equator** for the Croxteth Plate.

The Cup

SEVERAL of the Cambridgeshire horses appear in the acceptances for the Liverpool Autumn Cup on Friday. The first thing we do when this race comes along is to look to see how Lord Derby is represented. This time we find him with Pharos, Moabite, and Sierra Leone. Alec Taylor will run Reggio, and as this colt was talked about in connection with the St. Leger before his coughing trouble, he will be a danger to the best at 7 st. **Live Wire** gave his backers a really good run for their money in last week's big race, and he is appreciably better handicapped here. I make him my selection. The last two days of the Liverpool meeting clash with Windsor, where **Black Sheep** may win the Clarence Handicap and **Sierra Leone** the Combermere Handicap.

HUNTING NOTES . . . . By A. W. Coaten

Pytchley Prospects

UNTIL the sudden announcement of a stoppage of their hunting owing to foot-and-mouth, the Pytchley prospects seemed exceedingly good for this season. During cubhunting these hounds have done as well as could be expected, and even Frank Freeman—not an easy man to please—is satisfied with his young entry. Last winter the Pytchley people had a very thin time, for it was impossible to do any hunting after January. This was the more aggravating because the pack seemed in for some great sport. Nobody who rode in that great run from Brockhall is ever likely to forget it. I doubt whether there have been many finer gallops in the long history of the famous Northamptonshire pack.

The Leaders

THE leader of the Pytchley must needs be a man who can hold his own across country with the best. It will be agreed that the present Joint-Masters fill that description to the letter. Both Sir Charles Lowther and his brother are beautifully mounted, as, indeed, they have to be in order to take their proper places in this field of thrusters, all of whom mainly ride horses of the thoroughbred stamp. It was "Brooksby" who wrote that a bad horse cannot get over the Pytchley country at all, and a second-class one will only spoil your pleasure and ruin your nerve.

Bad Ones to Beat

IT is never an easy matter to say which are the best men in a hard-riding field like the Pytchley, and if I venture to mention a few of the boldest spirits it is with the knowledge that I am bound to leave a number of equally good ones unnamed. Nobody maintains his form better than Major Pat Nickalls, who long before the War was in the forefront of Pytchley riders, and occupies just as prominent a place to-day. Captain Drummond, who was the Prince of Wales's guide, philosopher and friend when H.R.H. made his first appearance in the Pytchley field, is always to be seen in the first flight, yet there is not much to choose between him and Mr. Bert Drage. Major Poyser is another of these "rum ones to follow and bad ones to beat." Lord Wimborne's son, the Hon. Ivor Guest, is certainly one of the most brilliant of the younger school, and Mr. "Bobby" Jenkinson is difficult to catch when hounds are running on a breast-high scent.

The Ladies

TO discriminate among the Pytchley ladies is a task from which the boldest would shrink, and I do it with a certain amount of trepidation. Day in and day out I suppose that Mrs. Renton is as good as any of the regular followers of the pack. It is a treat to see her go along on Guinea Pig. This is a wonderful hunter which she has had for several years, and he can jump anything! Mrs. Drummond is also a delightful horsewoman, possessing the best of hands and an absence of nerves. Mrs. Middleton, Mrs. Mason, and Mrs. Little are others who almost invariably occupy a good place, and there are not many in any country to beat Lady Frederick, the wife of the former Master of the pack, and the Hon. Mrs. Jack Lowther, wife of the joint M.F.H., both of whom can go with the best over the Pytchley fences.

NO. 555

The man who tipped the waiter at the Club

would fail to appreciate the judgment of his fellow members who knew better.

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Motley Musings

It is refreshing to realise that the country no longer has that Rooshian feeling.

. . . . .

During the election the Socialists insisted that the Liberal cause was dead. It can't be, for it certainly hasn't joined the Great Majority !

. . . . . .

Though hecklers were indefatigable, it is curious that none of them elici-dated what Gladstone said in '84.

. . . . . .

A prominent Rugby player is doubtful whether we have the right tackle for the All Blacks. We obviously haven't if our players keep on going for their necks.

. . . . . .

The famous baseball team, the Chicago White Sox, is now playing here. As long as they don't give 'em to *us*, we don't mind.

. . . . .

And if they want to have an evening's entertainment they might go and see " Our Batters."

. . . . .

We read that a German lady has summoned a Berlin taxi-driver for kissing her violently on the chin. Well, well !

Go where you will, from Walthamstow to Wick,
You'll never hear of a more " low down " trick !

. . . . .

The trouble between Turkey and Greece seems to be all over now bar the shooting.

. . . . .

" Fore ! " roared the golfer at two ladies in the distance.

" It's no use shouting ' Four,' " remarked his companion, " try 'em with ' three-eleven-three ! ' "

To-day's puzzle : Why is it that the *Boot and Leather Journal* doesn't send out samples for review ?

. . . . .

" Will the Orangemen give way ? " asks a contemporary. We suspect the answer is the traditional lemon.

. . . . . .

Accompanied by his small daughter, he went to buy a fur coat. " No, you've nothing to suit me here," he remarked at a certain store, " I must go elsewhere."

" But you might go, father, and fur worse," objected practical Peggy.

. . . . . .

Six prominent business men failed to tell a newspaper reporter which are the Cinque Ports. Any wine merchant could have answered the question.

. . . . . .

Mr. Bernard Shaw once created a sensation in *Pygmalion* by using a certain adjective. That same word now reappears in another London production, so at least two of our dramatists may claim to have the pen of a ruddy writer.

. . . . . .

A Scotch newspaper has offered a prize for the best poem on " Caledonia." We have already composed our first two lines :

Hail to the claymore, bonnet, kilt and sporran,
And hail the land where I was bred and bor-r-r-n !

Correspondents are still arguing about who discovered America. Can't the whole matter be hushed up ?

. . . . .

A Bishop has just completed a three-act drama. We wonder whether it will be a pastoral crook play.

. . . . . .

In Memoriam

Mr. Guy Fawkes. Died Nov. 1605

1

Though thou hast been a goner
About three hundred years,
Dear Guy, the name I honour,
And think of thee with tears.
Had that assault
Within the vault
Achieved success, then, lawks !
I trow M.P.s would ne'er have got
Their knives into their Fawkes !

2

Thou did'st attempt to " learn 'em,"
And like your famous Plot,
The tag, " nil nisi burn 'em,"
Should never be forgot !
And yet young nibs
Spend dibs on squibs
That cause me grief and Payne ;
And some set-piece greets thy decease,
And ends thy golden rain !

3

And yet although they've blown up
Thine effigy sky-high,
Those youngsters when they're grown up,
May cease to guy thee, Guy.
Nay, more, if these
Become M.Ps,
They'll possibly allow
That in the " House " there still may be
E'en greater guys than thou !

HARTLEY CARRICK

***OUR* INDEPENDENCE DAY** By Leslie P. Marchant

The unfortunate plight of an American visitor who amicably addressed a Cockney on November 5th as "Say Guy!"

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ROYAL ALBERT HALL

ON

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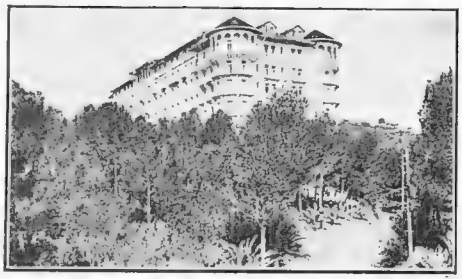

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YOGO HAMA ON WINTER SPORTINGS

"Skidding are an acquired accomplishment"

MOST DEAR HON. SIR—

No doubtlessly you are aware I receive 1,000's very often of letters from ignoramus and aspiring persons seeking to acquire from me goodish and authentic informations re as regards A.1 etiquettes, sportings, politicals and numerous other so forths because I have succeeded to become very authoritative on them in all their branches. It makes me very happy and melting to feel I have achieved to become the mediums for producing these so gladish results so that persons, even of the most profoundly meanest intelligences, can acquire a pack of wisdom from my words. This are very goodish rewardings for my toils and makes me to feel warmish in the cockles because of my so stout virtues.

O indeedly yes, it are very delicious to assist over styles and other rustic impedimentas, lame canines, so I shall now produce you a letter from one of these saidly dogs, and then make to answer it in public for the benefits of numerous other crippled hounds. "Mr. Y. Hama, Esq, most dear sir. Kindly to inform *si vous plait* as to concerning winter sportings and suchly high class gymnastics in Switzerland or other fashionable mountain peaks. Hoping, Mr. Y. Hama, this letter leaves me as it finds you, permit I should remain to be yours very obediently to command, Lord X."

I shall now divulge some very superior informations which Hon. Lord X and other persons contemplating to visit Switzerland should not afford to miss, with a specially prepared vocabular in the native dialogue to be used for emergencies and other disasters. The 1-st thing to secure is good hoofing feet, because this country are very rugged and non-even in spots. Persons afflict with swellings, varicose or other detrimental veins, or possessing non-matching feet which do not synchronise, or perhapsly only 1 foot at all, should not seek these mountainous precipices, but only level spots like Salisbury Plain where there are not any very great peaks. Switzerland, like so numerous other foreign dependants, are divided

"The paths are sometimes abrupt"

from us by water and must be navigated in a boat. For the benefits of non or deficiently educated persons, I depict some foreign vernaculars which they should discover to be very handy, also commit to heart. As vizly: *Je me trouve mal.* (I feel non-well in my stomach.) *Donnez-moi le vase.* (Produce me a basin or other vehicle.) *Quelle terrible tempête!* (My hat, what weather!)

We will now suppose to safely have arrived to Switzerland where we are struck by very sweetish and musical noises disgorging from the mountain and other tops. This are the natives blowing Swiss tunes on their yodles, which they do from child-birth, acquiring very great skills on this so difficult instrument of wind. We now achieve to reach an hotel and the following verbals should be digested in the Swiss tongue: *Le feu est à la maison.* (The house are on fire.) *Quel temps fait-il?* (Kindly to inform what weather we possess.) *Il pleut, il neigre, il grêle, il fait du tonnere, il gèle, il degèle.* (All the damn lot.)

Tyroes and suchly ignoramus persons should make to immediately purchase some skids. These skids are timber projections, or propulsion slippers, which we nail to our boots and enable us to skid at numerous miles p.h. on the snow, or leap across the mountains at very terrific velocities. Skidding are an acquired accomplishment, and often procures fatal results to non-initiates. The following vocabulars shall be very important for daily use: *J'ai mal à la gorge.* (I have received it in the neck.) *Je voudrois acheter un bière.* (I require to purchase a coffin or small beer.)

Another very national Swiss sporting is to skate on frozen ice. This are supposed to be accomplish on the feet, but not always so, but sometimes very to the contrary. To make pleasing skates necessitates the victim to suffer many painful contortions with bumps to match upon exposed surfaces and even more delicate spots. This are very ticklish pastime, and persons who have achieved 80 or 90 of age should not seek to excel in this sporting. Mysell, I discover it are very non-possible to maintain a respectful equilibrium for more than 3 or 5 secs, but very reversely to achieve with stupendous rapidities summersets, catapults and other geometrical figures with con comitant stars, lightnings and other celestial comets. The vocabulars I recommend are vizly: *Avez-vous une bassenoire?* (Have you a warming-pot?) *Soutenez-moi la tête.* (Kindly to hand

"Painful contortions with bumps to match"

me my head.) *Apportez donc un brancard.* (Produce me a stretcher.)

But the supremest feat of all, which not any good sporting persons should endeavour to miss, are to make climb Mont Blanc. This so popular snow hill are noted for its specially prepared sun rises and sets, which the Swiss have made very copyright and patent. Persons wishing to hoof it up this alpine hill should tie themselves to an alpenstock (guide person) who will then pull them out when they slip to fall down holes, cravats, and other icy dents. I confess you I do not very greatly adore these ascensions which necessitate to leap from peak to peak like a giddy goat or other chamois (Swiss cow). The paths are sometimes abrupt and I can procure a non-stop descents for 2 or 3,000 ft. The following colloquies will be found non-dispensable; *Portez-moi doucement à l'hôpital.* (Propel me gently to the hospital). *Donnez-moi une guirlande de jasmin blanc.* (Produce me a white jessamine wreath.) *Adieu.* (Good-bye.)

"That are very A.1. joke"

I should have greatly esteemed to produce you some historical commentings on late Hon. Sir Guy Fox who suffered to be blown up explosively on the 5-rd of November some considerable years ago, but my spaces are growing congest and non-elastic. This so celebrated Sir Guy made a treason to blow up some M.P.'s, but only succeeded to combust himself into many 1,000's of smithereens. This so glump disaster are now celebrate by Anglo infantines with crackers and other diminutive combustions. The other day or 2 ago I watched to see several infantines propel towards Hon. Gent a small explosive.

"A stuffed non-likeness of myself"

"Ha, ha," I guffer, "that are very A.1 joke," and then I suddenly exploded from the rear in non-polite latitudes. Also I met some very depraved juvenines preambling a stuffed non-likeness of myself. I addressed them some sternful words for this so deadly insulting, which caused them only to guffer and produce me some non-pleasing face contortions.

Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to entertain amiable good healths. I remain

Yogo Hama

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This Winter's Fashions in a Swiss Rôle

BY HELEN McKIE

Some sketches of forthcoming Winter Sports Fashions, drawn by our artist from models supplied by the leading Houses

WINTER FASHIONS IN SWITZERLAND

By PRUDENCE O'SHEA

Illustrated by BLAM

One likes to think of Switzerland wrapped about in a cloak of white, but from what I hear, and have seen of the fashions which are to be worn during the coming season, that beautiful cloak of snow will be dotted with every shade of brown, from beige and that pale "desert" colour, down to orange and that shade of flame, which is nearly brick dust. Every sweater, skirt and pair of breeches made for women seem in some way to be gilliver-tinted.

M. Paquin believes that the essence of *chic* is simplicity. It is, of course. His new creations . . ." *pour le sport*" . . . as Michael Arlen says, are all of extreme slenderness of silhouette. His tunics have the long waist line, and button up with a suggestion of coquetry beneath the very chin of the wearer. The collars of some of them terminate in a scarf, brilliantly embroidered in that geometrical, Fair-isle-cum-Roumanian design in stitching which is so extraordinarily attractive.

There is a practical reason for this style as, when one skis or skates, there is a danger of the ordinary muffler or scarf becoming detached; but when it is part of the tunic it can wave and billow in the air like the greeting of a comrade, and give no trouble at all.

This bizarre embroidery is used also for the loving little caps which all women wear.

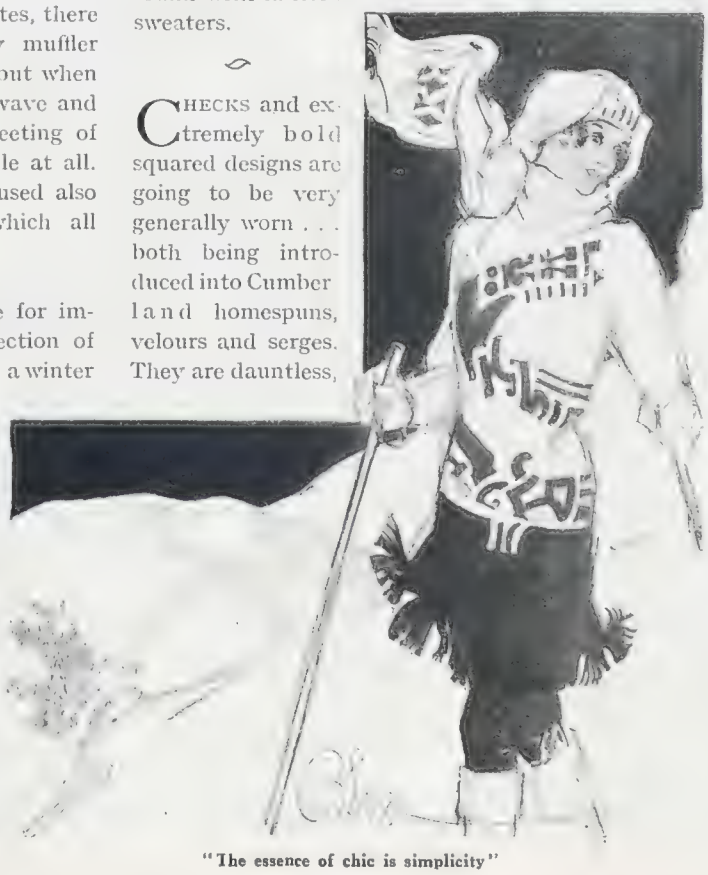
There is really no excuse for imperfect dressing and selection of sports clothes; the cost of a winter wardrobe being so much less than the wardrobe necessary for Deauville, for Le Touquet, or the banks of the Lido. At the three last, a woman's wardrobe is of necessity a more intricate affair, since there is a greater variety of interests in which she finds herself plunged. She needs separate outfits for polo, tennis, dancing, golf, and the Casino . . . all of which make different demands upon fashion. But in Switzerland, a woman dresses for the snow in the daytime and dancing in the evening. Life is briefly simple. It is worth her while to wear all that is *chic*.

Whether one sleighs, curls, skates, climbs or skis, the garments to be worn are always identical. Always there are the breeches, cut bravely with a cavalier insolence. These may be knitted or made of covert or tweed. Over them there is nearly always the skirt . . . very narrow until one strides or jumps, when the broad inverted pleat running down one hip permits a practical width. Both tunics and sweaters are much in favour; the latter, perhaps, having a little more gaiety and lending themselves to more individual treatment in colour. But from the point of view of warmth and comfort the former has the honours since tunics are windproof, an advantage not always to be found with knitted sweaters.

Checks and extremely bold squared designs are going to be very generally worn . . . both being introduced into Cumberland homespuns, velours and serges. They are dauntless, like flags, and carry a taste of conquest with them. Coats, the big enveloping ulster variety, are an invaluable item in the wardrobe of every woman, and these are usually sombre externally, while the checks and squares I have mentioned are used as linings. All the fabrics which will enjoy a great vogue at Caux, St. Moritz, and Chamonix have a certain kindly roughness of surface; but none have the shagginess equal to that wool which has been "combed," since combed wool is liable to hold the snow, which, melting, gives to the wearer an appearance at once woe-begone and forlorn.

It is a coincidence that two such famous houses as Worth and Paquin should have hit upon identical novelties for the coming season. Both are much in favour of the sports costumes . . . the tunic, breeches, cap, and skirt being made entirely of Shetland wool. This is necessarily very closely knitted, and in some way capable of battling successfully against piercing winds. M. Worth is much in favour of that shade of beige which includes a rosiness in it which is at once softly romantic and also suggestive of warmth.

I spoke of the large coats a short while ago. There is a great economy in their line. They reach to the hem of the skirt—or longer—have no trimming of any description, hardly a rever in some cases, and depend upon the fabric of which they are made for their originality, and a narrow band of that curious fur round the hem which seems to be baby bear, because it is so soft, and which is dyed to a shade of cinnamon. Of course, with all cloaks, coats, and ulsters, fur is very popular. It is only with the sports clothes that it is taboo, and then only for the practical reason that I have given in connection with brushed wool, which is, that it holds the melting snow.



"The essence of chic is simplicity"

I HAVE seen some delightful crush hats made of lizard and snake skin. I suppose shoes, made of the same material, gave birth to the idea. When both are worn there is a tasteful continuity in the toilette. These hats are charming. In some cases there is an impudent addition of a pheasant's feather, but the majority of them are quite plain. They are as becoming as the caps and will prove their only rival, since they fit as closely and firmly, and do not get disarranged. For the Cresta Run, taken at perhaps fifty miles an hour, this is a great attraction, this business of keeping tidy. Nor is it at all easy—as those who have run and those who have looked are fully aware.

PERHAPS the joy of contrast is responsible for the lovely and delicate evening frocks which are the only things worn in opposition to the sports clothes. The most admired shade—and the newest—seems to be parme, that shade which is paler and more precious than violet, yet not so chaste as lavender. Perhaps it is nearer to orchid than anything I can think of. It is specially suited to soft, clinging fabrics. Frocks, worn by the smartest Parisians, are a little shorter and still as narrow. That billowing elegance which feathers seem to give to a gown is very much in evidence, panels being edged with a fringe of it, and scarves passing round the throat and hanging loosely down the back to the hem of the dress. They are always the ostrich variety, of course.

"Evening frocks . . . the only opposition to sports clothes"

THERE is the ubiquitous fan still, but not quite so ubiquitous as of old. The fan is no longer so subtly provocative as once it was. Women seem to get their effects by other means. Pearls are still worn — obvious imitations — round the throat; tight and hanging down the back if they must hang. They are very large, counting themselves beads, I should imagine, more than pearls. Indeed, it seems that they are pearls quite by accident. Red, that most difficult shade to use, and permissible only in the most expensive toilettes, seems to be popular still, especially that shade which seems to have a carnal blandness about it. Brunettes do not much wear this. It is the pale, Rossetti blonde who seems to be the perfect foil for that carnal blandness. PRUDENCE O'SHEA

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Ski-ing with Sheila

By A. A. THOMSON

Ward Muir

"YOU'RE late," said Sheila, severely, as, like a small boy dragging his wooden horse, I drew up my luge, with its cargo of skis, at the entrance of the Bear Hotel.

"Never mind," I replied, "'tis better to have luged and lost than never to have luged at all."

"Portrait of intrepid explorer starting for frozen North," laughed Sheila. "Am I coming as Faithful Eskimo? And have we plenty of pemmican for the journey?"

"Quite. I shot a couple of bull pemmicans on my way here. I also composed a *vers libre* poem, beginning:

Shy Sheila,
Ski-shod,
Slyly slid to Zweilutschinen.

But, seriously, Sheila, you're looking quite stunning in that costume."

"Seeing that you're going to teach me to ski," pouted Sheila, "I don't like your use of the word 'stunning.' It's om—om—ominous. But where shall we start? Shall we climb up that hill and slide down?"

"That hill," I said, "is the Wetterhorn. It is further off than it looks. And higher. We'll try something easier first. Come along."

And, pulling our skis and lunch behind us, we hurried on through Grindelwald village.

"Here," I announced, on sight of a white-mantled field that sloped gently down to the right of the road, 'is a nice friendly place. Suppose we put on our skis?"

For the next five minutes we busied ourselves adjusting straps and buckles.

"And you're going to teach me everything?" inquired Sheila.

"Everything," I replied, jauntily. "We'll begin with the Telemark Turn."

"How exciting. What is a Tele——"

At that instant, for some inexplicable reason, I sat down.

"Performed a combination Christiania Turn and plain English Catherine Wheel"

"It seems quite easy," commented Sheila.

"That wasn't it," I said, shortly.

"Oh, wasn't it? What was it?"

"It wasn't anything," I answered with extreme terseness. "I just slipped. I——"

And again, quite unaccountably, I sat down.

"Is there any name for that?" asked Sheila.

"No," I snapped.

"Then there ought to be. It's awfully good. Shall we christen it the Stockholm Side-slip, or——"

"Please do not joke," I said, sternly. "You are here to learn. I am here to teach. Now in the Telemark you kneel in the direction you wish to turn——"

"But will your skis kneel, too? Mine aren't jointed."

"Not at all. Kneeling with the right knee, you advance the left ski——"

"I see. It's a case of 'Let not thy right ski know what thy left ski doeth?'"

"Don't be silly. All you have to do is to——"

In my eagerness to demonstrate I had started down the slope. My skis carried me swiftly downwards.

"Oh, look out!" called Sheila, suddenly. "The pemmican!"

I turned my head. The luge, carrying our lunch-basket, had started voluntarily in pursuit of me. It was rapidly overtaking me. In another second it would. . . . With matchless presence of mind I performed a combination Christiania Turn and plain English Catherine Wheel, arriving face downwards with skis crossed, like a Crusader's monument. The luge, clearing my prostrate body with a perfect ski-jump, sped downwards towards the glacier.

"You were simply wonderful," cooed Sheila, skimming like a swallow to my side. "Is there anything else you can teach me?"

"Yes," I replied, disinterring my face from the drift. "Our lunch has now reached the Lower Grindelwald glacier. The glacier moves one foot in five years. Consequently our sandwiches will return to us in A.D. 3046. . . . Under the circumstances I had better teach you patience . . ."

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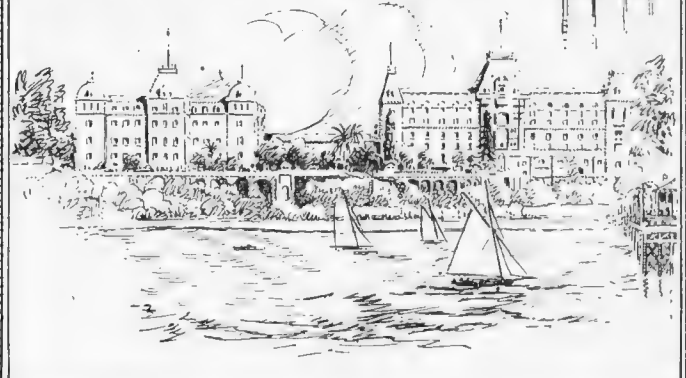

PARISIANA. By "René"

ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WHERE to wear 'em? *C'est la question brulante.* The *couturiers,* who allot to themselves autocratic powers in such matters, have one set of ideas, while Parisiennes have another. Presumably for the sole desire of a change, the *couturiers* want to bring waists up. For a reason

"At three o'clock it has mounted higher"

which it would be fruitless, and perhaps not tactful, to search, Parisiennes want to keep them down—*bien bas;* very intimately adjacent to the *bas de soie.*

WHISPERS which steal from the temples of the Masters of the Shears murmur that Parisiennes are revealing a greater stubborness than is habitual in their resistance to the uplift tendencies lately manifested by the *Dictateurs de la Mode.* Resolutely opposed to uplift, they are prepared to do battle for the low levels, where they have pinned their faith as well as their hope. I say nothing about their charity, because there is none to spare on either side. It is war to the last centimetre.

FROM experience, however, one must anticipate the ultimate victory of the *couturiers.* They generally contrive to impose their will, unwelcome as it may be at the outset, to their victims. Unwilling slaves to fashion women may sometimes be, but slaves *toutefois.* They may challenge the whip for a while, but eventually they heed it. Now the *couturiers* have decreed "Waists up," we shall, doubtless, witness an ascent of the line, though it may be made grudgingly, inch by inch.

SOME of the Mode's Masters are utilising artifice in order to achieve the height of their objective. They are confectioning frocks with two *coutures,* one high, one low, so that the waist may be swung to and fro, apparently, according to the whim of the moment. But the most cunning among them has designed a frock with a movable waist, one that starts low and moves upwards by the action of, but independently of the will of, the wearer. When the frock is put on in the morning the *taille* is well down towards the knees, but a gliding movement sets in, and by lunchtime the waist is where waists used to be, while by three o'clock it has mounted higher still and higher. The obstinate ones who wish to cling to the low line may be astonished, and even cross, but as the secret of the manœuvre is very skilfully concealed, there is nothing to be done against it, unless they take the frock off and start way down south again; but they are likely to get *ennuyées* with that. This enterprising innovator is a sure *gagnant,* for all his stable will be *bien placés.*

NOT before we deserved it, the Palace, that music-hall of rather restricted dimensions in the Faubourg

"With two coutures"

"Waist up"

Montmartre, has presented a new revue for our entertainment. It is an entertainment that entertains, a pleasure which is not experienced as frequently as could be wished. There was, of course, every justification for confidently anticipating that it would be so on this occasion, for the principal personality of the revue is Maurice Chevalier, and his reflection would be sufficient to light up many more dull items than there are in *Vive la Femme.*

CLEVERNESS sits very lightly on Chevalier, not so very long ago a protégé of Mistinguett, but now able to act as *parrain* to others. Everything is done so easily that there seems to be nothing much about it, but he is a supreme artist who always has the whole *salle* in his grip. If it were not for his personal talent, one of the sketches in which he figures, "L'Inventeur," would be an aching void, the aches endured by the audience, but he saves it by a smile and a song. They have revived for him, in an adroit transformation, one of his old sketches "The Boxing Match," in which he originally laughed his way to success, and the new version is perhaps better than the old favourite.

ALTOGETHER Chevalier serves best Chevalier vintage, with all the sparkle and bouquet. Incidentally, he ought to go well in London. He should make a big appeal to the high-spirited diners at the Metropole Follies or at Prince's, though his jests might not

go so well among music-hall audiences, less familiar with the French of the Fourth Republic—that of Montmartre. Chevalier is gracefully and ably seconded by Yvonne Vallée, who has nearly as exquisite a sense of rhythm.

On the spectacular side, the best modern traditions are maintained with the numerous tableaux of alternating brilliance and simplicity. Among the brilliant ones, two of the best are the "Divan des Fumeuses" and the "Cueillette des oranges en Californie," in which the costumes of some of the orange-pickers would disturb the equanimity of the Californian police; while the most successful of the simple ones is the "Cigar Box," wherein the Fisher Girls, draped in nigger-brown, with red and gold *ceintures*, are the choicest cigars conceivable.

In spite of the assertions of various ultra-superior persons, the present theatrical season, still in its early youth, produces one successful play after another. Charles Méré's new piece, *La Tentation*, began in triumph. It is a romantic play, packed with emotion, containing big situations, and as Mme. Vera Sergine leads the interpretation, the acting is on as high a plane as the construction. There is also some exceptionally charming scenery, notably Cannes in the loveliness of night.

"But the lover is thinking"

Monsieur Méré is one of those playwrights who know what the public like and are able to give them elementary emotion in ultra-modern setting. Elegant ladies alight from the most magnificent automobiles and in the grand hall of an hotel is the most fashionable of jazz-bands. The plot raises a delicate question of moral responsibility. There is an unloved, and unlovable, husband, a wife who has a horror of a *liaison* and of divorce, and a lover who hesitates.

The husband and the lover are involved in a motor smash, and while the latter could do nothing to avert it, he might have saved the husband's life while he is clutching for a moment to the edge of a steep precipice. But the lover is thinking, for just that moment, of the way out which would be provided by the husband's death, and when he recalls his duty it is too late. He feels morally responsible and the wife thinks him even worse—a murderer—when he tells the story, for he tells it so badly, falteringly and with contradictions. She sends him away and, failing to find forgetfulness in drugs, he finally commits suicide. Cursorily summarised like this it sounds rather crude, but though melodramatic in parts, it is far from crude. *La Tentation* had a great reception and merited it.

René

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D'YOU WANT A DOG?

HOW TO CHOOSE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Dog Show at Cambridge to-morrow (Thursday) should be in many ways interesting, and Birmingham's next week is one of the big doggy events.

The proportion of the "Kennelman's" letters which open with some such phrase as: "We are thinking of getting another Dog"; or, "I want to get hold of a good Dog"; and go on to ask what is the best way to set about it, is strikingly large. Many enquirers add that they don't want to go to a Dog shop, but to get a Dog from its birthplace; and the Kennelman's altogether with them there. Sometimes the aim is to replace a pal who has joined the majority; in other cases it means a start in Dog-keeping; but never have these enquiries been so numerous as now; so the doggy boom is clearly not confined to fanciers.

Well, if you were going to adopt a child, take a paying guest, or choose a new partner, or servant, you'd recognise at once the importance of personality, and the worth-whileness of careful selection. It's in that spirit you should look for your new Dog; especially if he is to be a member of the household, a relative and intimate pal, as he should be. There's a Dog Press, you know; you might consult the columns (perhaps the Editors) of the *Dog World* (54, Fetter Lane, E.C.), and *Our Dogs* (Oxford Road Station Approach, Manchester).

Visits to Shows, and talk with doggy folk enable you to decide on the important points of breed and sex. Don't choose one of the more active sporting breeds for the life of a town flat; but the whereabouts of your home needn't affect the sex question. Don't be put off "the female of the species" by any mistaken notion that she must needs bring recurring domestic complications and possible "encumbrances." It really isn't so. If you want to rear your own Dog in your own ways, fix on an age between three and six months; in any case, let two or three years be the limit.

A good method is to address an enquiry to the Secretary of the specialist club or society of the chosen breed. The appendices of *Everybody's Dog Book* give all the names and addresses; or a call at the Kennel Club, 84, Piccadilly, will give the address of any particular club. Ask the secretary for the names and addresses of a few of the leading breeders in that variety, and write to them. Get permission to visit their kennels, look over their young stock, and take their advice. (You will have read up the points in some such standard work as *Everybody's Dog Book*, of course.)

You may never wish to exhibit, and so place small value on show points; but your new friend should be a person of breeding none the less, for he's going to live with you. Every litter yields some specimens which, lacking show points, can be sold at a moderate price; albeit possibly as distinguished in lineage and personality as any champion, and you must have a real Sahib—or Memsahib. Therefore, get in touch with the good breeders, and see their stock in their native habitat. *And* insist on getting a written dietary sheet, or memo of the chosen Dog's daily regime, along with his pedigree.

Apropos, the entirely mistaken recent suggestion that the modern Irish Wolfhound is no hunter, I shall never forget the adventure in Sussex, in which a young Irish Wolfhound put up, ran down, and slew a veteran dog fox. It's a most unusual thing for a Dog to do, single-handed. In this case the motive was pure sporting devilment. One of our young Bloodhounds (eleven months) actually snaffled a hare last week, in her forme, and after some little discussion, *brought her to me like a retriever.*

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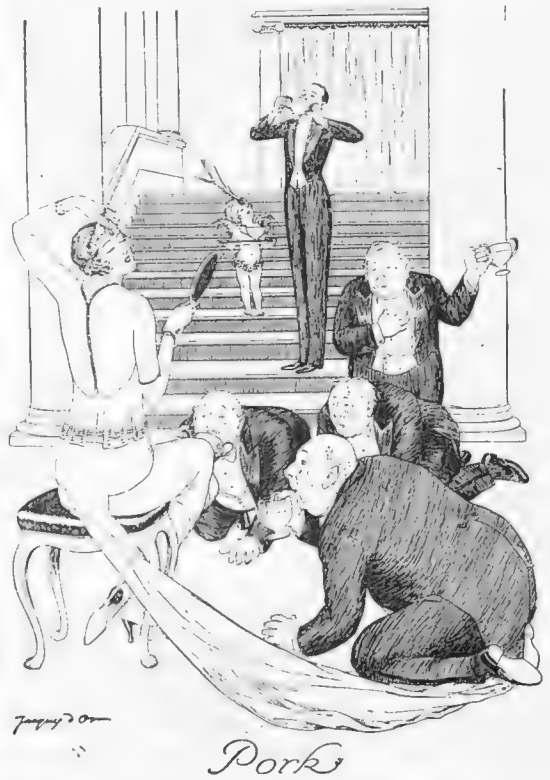

THE ELEMENTARY COVERING

BY H. DENNIS BRADLEY.

THE extra skin of a woman, delicate though it may be and conveying no apparent suggestion of thickness, suffices to enable her to defy the elements with impunity. Woman is, apparently, the more hardy sex. Man is a more fragile animal, and more sensitive to vagaries of climate.

So, in the English winter, which, but for the extra hours of darkness, is hardly distinguishable from the English summer, a woman will loosely throw an odd chunk of chinchilla around her shoulder, and autocratically defy the bitter blasts with her naked neck and blossoming breasts.

Man shivers in his physical discontent, and often covers his symmetrical suit in a perfectly disgusting overcoat—which, incidentally, brings my essay to a really material issue, and should confine me to my subject.

The point I desire to emphasise is that whilst the class of customer which patronises Pope & Bradley—or other Bond Street or Savile Row firms of tailors—would regard it as a social solecism to don any suit made outside these sacrosanct purlieus, he is often careless enough to hide the subtleties of the West End tailors' art under the abortion of a ready-made overcoat.

This disregard is one of the post-war masculine absurdities, and it is neither to the credit nor adornment of the wearer, nor to the financial interests of Pope and Bradley, nor to the insatiable demands of their dissolute sleeping partners—the Inland Revenue.

It is so difficult and so depressing to endeavour to be serious, but the shape of an overcoat may justifiably demand consideration. None of the subtlest designs are likely to inspire any throbbing vibration in woman, but they may conceivably flatter the sartorial vanity of man.

There are half-a-dozen different designs to select from at the House of Pope & Bradley. Considering the quality and the fact that these coats will last for several years, the prices are really very reasonable. Overcoats from £7 7s. 0d. Lounge Suits from £9 9s. 0d. Dinner Suits from £14 14s. 0d. Dress Suits from £16 16s. 0d. Riding Breeches from £4 14s. 6d.

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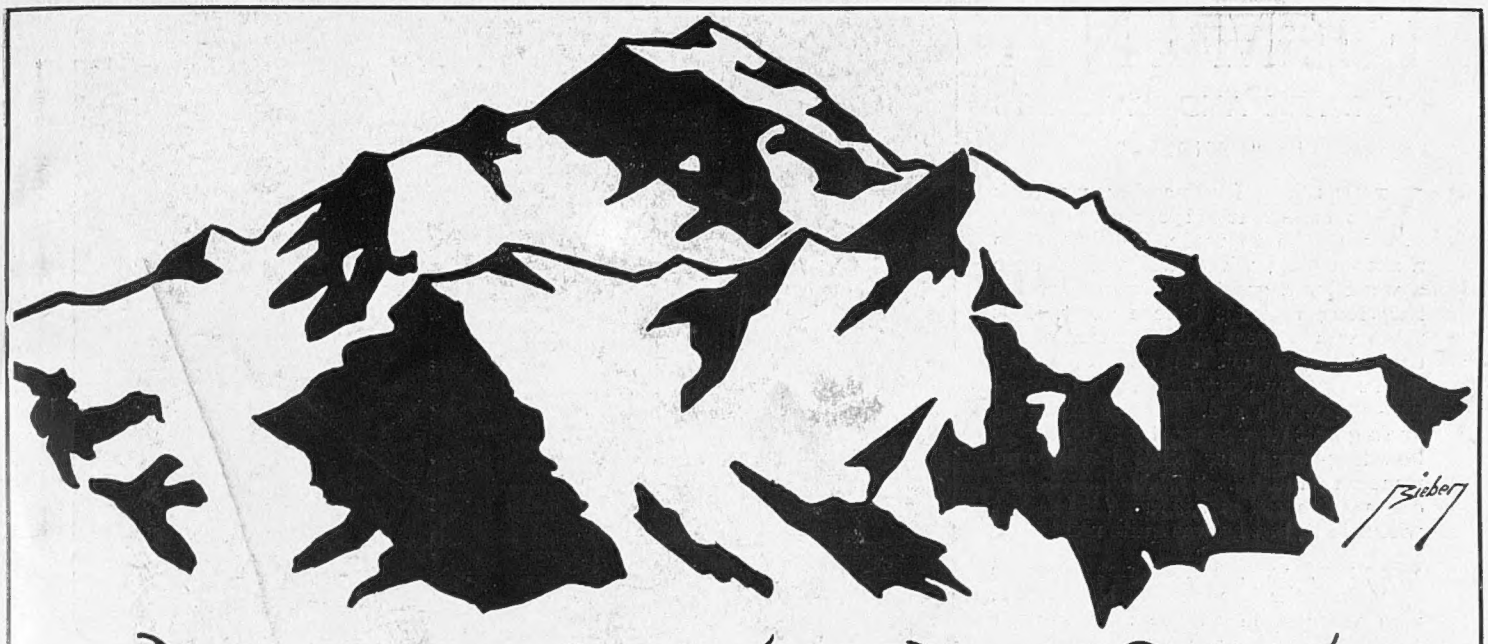

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FEMINA

OF BATIK AND BATIKISTS

By "CANDIDA"

YEARS ago, I remember, we took to the artistic life as nowadays we take to trade. I belonged to a sketch club, which was visited once a week by a great man who wore his hair long and his speech short. But there was a great gulf fixed in those days between art on canvas, which didn't pay, and art adapted to every-day-use, which did. One starved in one's garret (it was mostly a third-rate boarding-house) for one's ideals, and went on painting. "*Ah, le beau temps où nous élions si malheureux!*" I forget who said it, but he was quite right.

WELL, well, better not enquire into the fate of those enthusiasts who worshipped at the shrine—went to the Slade, I mean, or to Colarossi's and places. Life's got to be lived, hasn't it, and some of us, who seemed our brightest and best, are living it in *bourgeois* splendour, having bartered their artistic souls for the usual pottage. And others are smart photographers for their sins, and even milliners and things like that. A little cleverness goes a long way in trade; but it takes a lot to make a picture go down, and as for selling it, nobody buys pictures any more. Not that they ever did; not while their creators are alive, anyway.

"CAN'T anything be done?" I asked an important painter-man who's living in New York because the lovely ladies over there still spend a lot of money on being painted. "I have an advertising agent," he said, "it's expensive, of course, but it's worth it." I can't imagine how it's done, can you? How approach the subject with sufficient dignity? When you're dealing with a high-souled effort in art, the language that does for soaps and reach-me-downs wouldn't answer at all. I always thought those advertisement people frightfully clever, but our best manner can be nothing to theirs. The American, as a rule, has a bright and breezy way with him, admirably suited to the soap, but not to the pictures. I can imagine him going straight to the point, something like this: "Why not be one of the glorious company of Immortals, which'll certainly happen if Mr So-and-So paints your portrait?" . . . No, no, it can't be done like that. In advertising methods my imagination refuses to rise higher than the soap and reach-me-down level.

NOWADAYS, the Arts and Crafts (art's poor relations, spiritually speaking) are in as bad a way as art itself. Pottery and original furniture and hand-woven stuffs cumber the earth, and it's difficult to know where the art leaves off and the crafts begin. And still they come. Batik was one of the comers, but when it arrived it made us sit up and take notice. It had such possibilities. If I'd discovered batik years ago, when colour was a sort of religion to me and not merely a polite pleasure, I might . . . but I didn't. Nobody did. Batik hadn't left its native Java.

THERE is something mysterious about it. Inexplicably it shades from green to red and blue and purple. "Let there be colour and more colour," says the artist, and there is. It reminded me of Bakst, and, like Bakst, I thought it unapproachable and unique. Sometimes I met it in a shop as a charming design splashed all over a cushion or a frock. "Batik," said the assistant reverently, and mentioned something unaffordable in price. It was a name to conjure with—and to pay for.

BUT a book drifted my way the other day which explained the mysteries. It wasn't a text book, it was a frivolous plea for batik wrapped up in a fairy tale. *How Cinderella Was Able to go to the Ball* (G. T. Foulis) is explained by Jessie King, how beeswax and onions and patience and a sense of design made her a Batik frock fit for a princess. How convincing it sounds, and how easy! So different from the usual discouraging tomes on any art which take the heart out of you at the very first paragraph.

MRS. KING is a Batik enthusiast. Her one idea is to make the way plain for you, and all she asks is a little native intelligence, some patience and a sense of design. The rest, apparently, a child might attempt and succeed in. As I read and admired the pictures, I had visions of frocks "batiked" in one's leisure moments, frocks such as Solomon in all his glory might have worn if he'd heard of Batik. No expensive paraphernalia required; no studios with North lights and models at so much the minute, but only beeswax, a stove, some pans and brushes, an iron or two . . . and what results for your labours! At least Mrs. King's are, if her illustrations are anything to go by. What a waste of Batikless years! Ah, to be an art student once again and let your colour run into smart spots, not because it was born that way, but because you meant it to! Better late than never. To-morrow I intend to start in with the beeswax, the dyes, etc., and hope for the best with regard to the patience and the sense of design.

Yevonde

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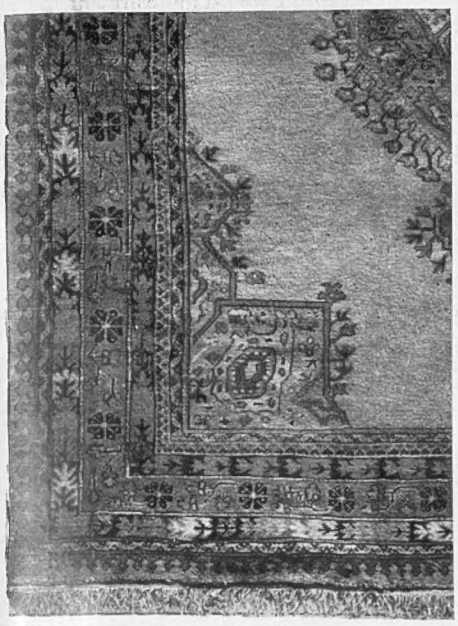

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11 0	x 8 1	19	10	0
11 4	x 8 10	21	14	0
11 6	x 8 3	20	16	0
11 0	x 9 5	22	8	6
12 1	x 9 11	26	5	6
12 7	x 10 1	27	16	6

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
13 3	x 9 8	28	2	0
13 6	x 11 1	32	17	6
14 1	x 9 11	30	5	0
14 10	x 11 2	35	17	6
14 9	x 12 2	39	7	6
15 0	x 11 11	39	6	6

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
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10 6	x 6 9	9	11	6

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
9 0	x 9 0	10	19	0
10 6	x 9 0	12	15	6
12 0	x 9 0	14	12	0
13 6	x 9 0	16	8	6
12 0	x 11 3	18	5	0

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
13 6	x 11 3	20	10	9
15 0	x 11 3	22	16	3
15 0	x 13 6	27	7	6
16 6	x 11 3	25	2	0
16 6	x 13 6	30	2	3

ft. in.	ft. in.	£	s.	d.
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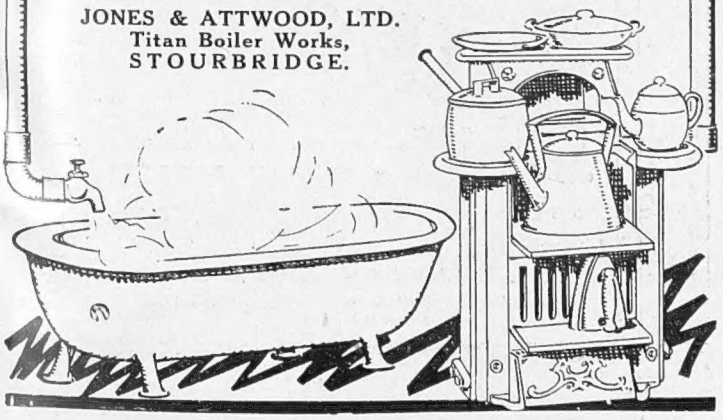

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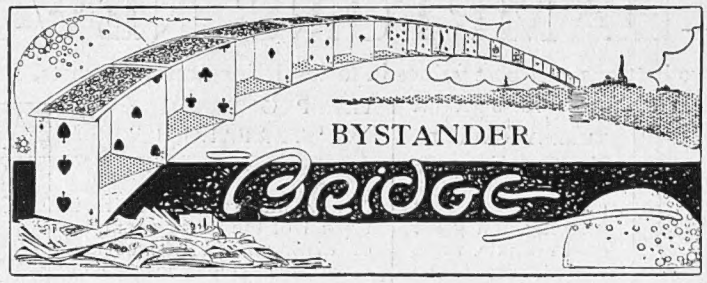

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

REMARKABLE HANDS

READERS constantly ask my decision as to the "correct" bidding on hands which they send. Frequently there is a bet depending upon my verdict. Now, while I am willing to give my views, I should like to impress upon my readers that there is no such thing as a "correct" bid. All bidding, except perhaps the initial bid of "one of a suit" at love score, about which there is something like unanimity of practice, is a matter of opinion. When it comes to bids of two, three or four, or secondary bids, there is no universally accepted standard. In actual play the score and the psychology of one's partner, and opponents—the human element—have to be taken into consideration. Moreover, there are certain hands which admit of alternative bids, either of which may be sound.

. . . . . .

Such a hand was given in Competition No. IV. Score: love all. Z deals and holds: S—A, Q, 2. H—A, J, 9, 3, 2. D—K, J, 4. C—4, 2. What should Z say?

At the score my preference is for a No-Trumper, but no one could say a bid of "one Heart" is incorrect or unsound. With something up, I should plump for the Heart bid, but at love the No-Trumper seems to me to offer the best chance of game. The reason is that, with such a hand, it is unlikely that your partner will be able to make a bid. If you bid a Heart, even if he has good Clubs, he is not going to show the suit, unless he is short or bare in Hearts. If you find him with an average hand or just over an average hand, it is more likely to be a game-winner in No-Trumps than in Hearts.

Frequently I find myself in opposition to the majority of the competitors. Sometimes I would unhesitatingly pass where they recommend a bid and often I would bid when they would pass. This is a difference of point of view. But I am always ready to give reasons for the faith that is in me.

Now here is a borderline hand. Score: Game all; A, B, 16 in rubber game. Z deals and holds: S—8, 7. H—A. D—K, J, 10, 8, 7, 6, 2. C—4, 3, 2. What should Z say?

At love score I should pass and wait to bid Diamonds on second round. But as it is the rubber game I consider Z should bid "one Diamond," not two or three as many competitors suggest. The hand is just too good to pass. It is true that it does not contain the two "quick" tricks necessary for an initial bid at love score. But in the rubber game I should certainly "show" the Diamonds and be prepared to bid up to three or four to keep the flag flying. I admit, however, that it is a very open question. I would not say that any player was wrong to pass on such a holding. But, personally, I consider two or three Diamonds a bad and misleading bid on it, and my verdict is for "one."

. . . . . .

Numerous interesting hands have reached me. I consider the best is the following, sent by Mr. Spencer Cox, as it is a hand on which either side might make a grand slam.

Score: Game all. Z deals and calls "three Spades"; A "four Hearts"; Y "five Diamonds"; B "five Hearts"; Z "six Diamonds"; A "six Hearts"; Y "no Bid"; B "No Bid"; Z "seven Diamonds"; A "seven Hearts".

(Continued on page xiv).

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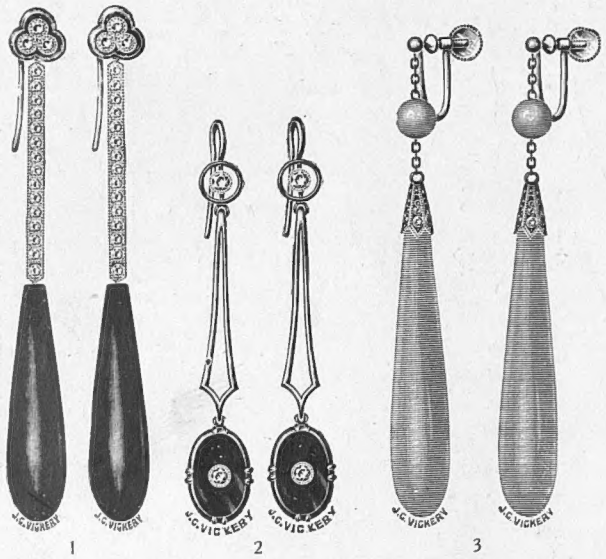

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